

GOLD
KEY

YOGI BEAR

HANNA-BARBERA

12c

YOGI BEAR

10066-804

APRIL



Hanna-Barbera

YOGI BEAR | OPERATION WHERE-BEAR

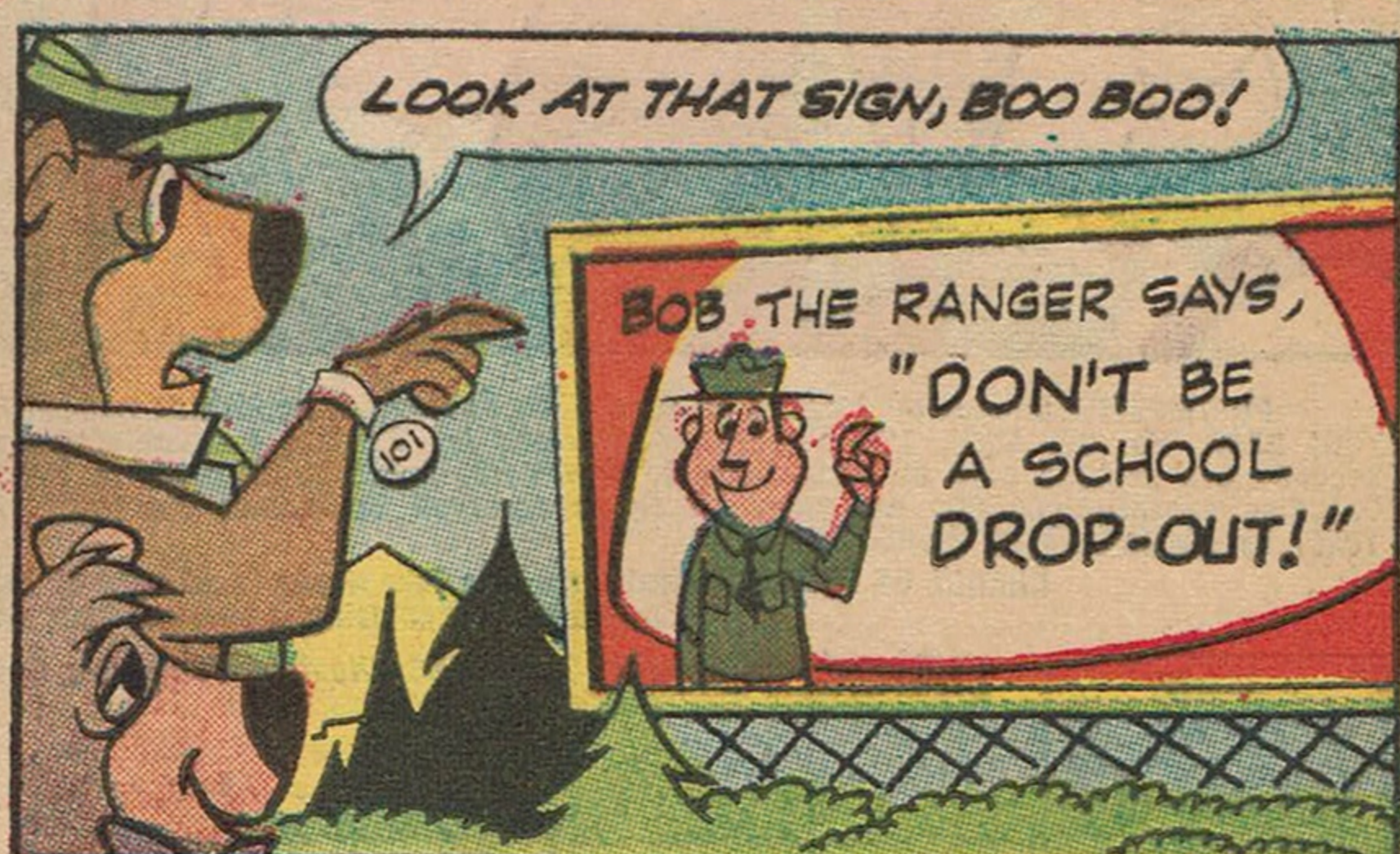
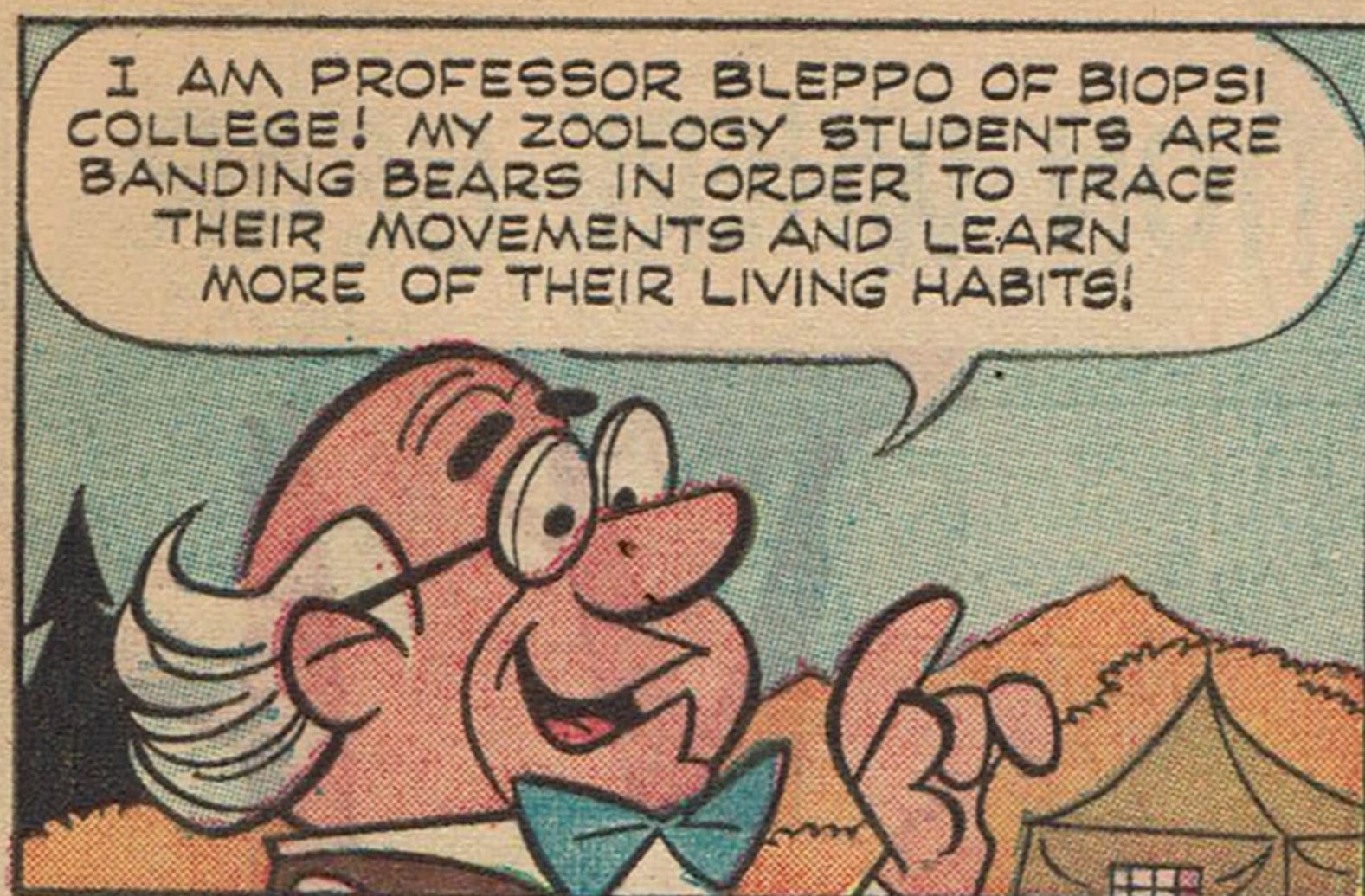


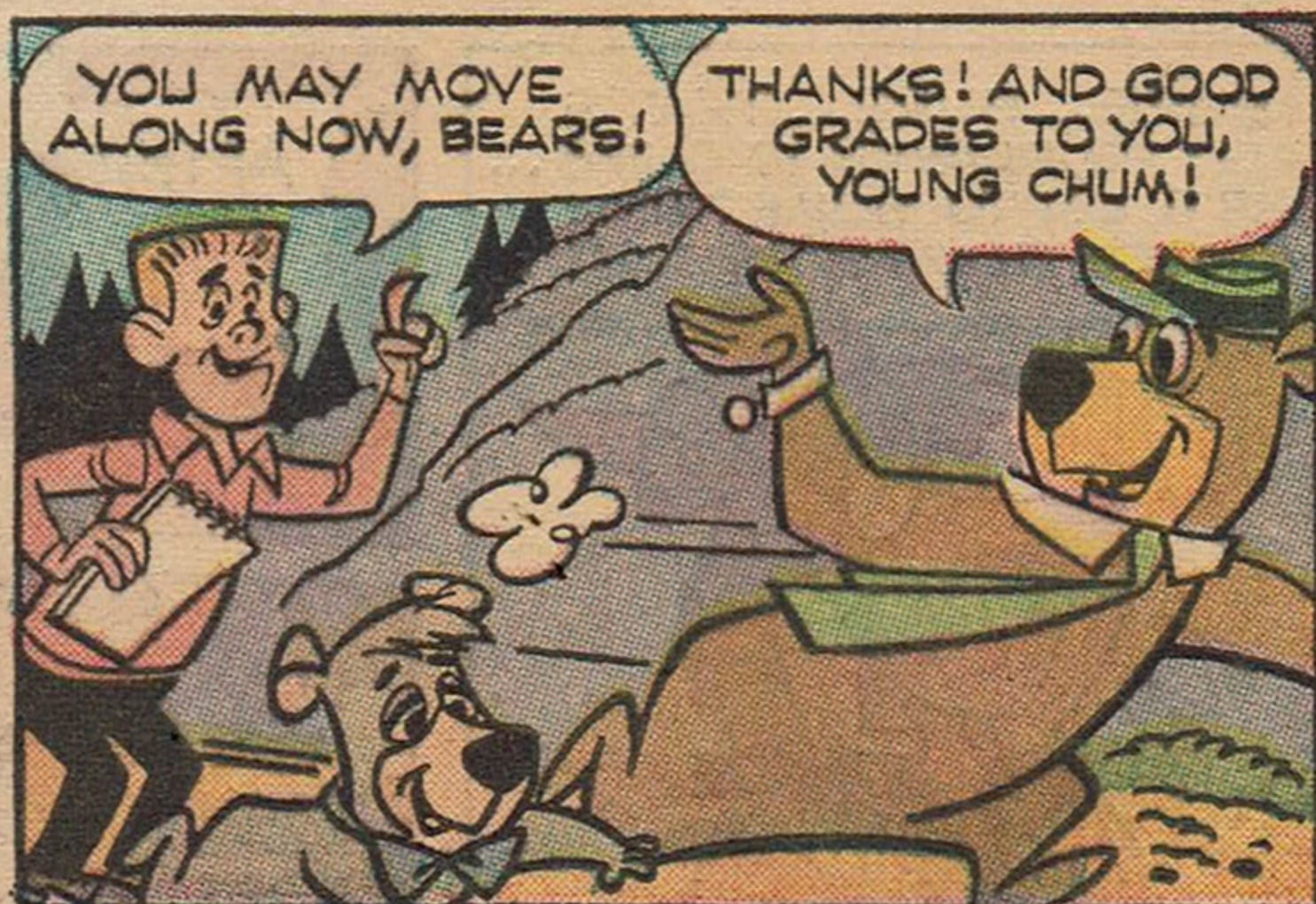
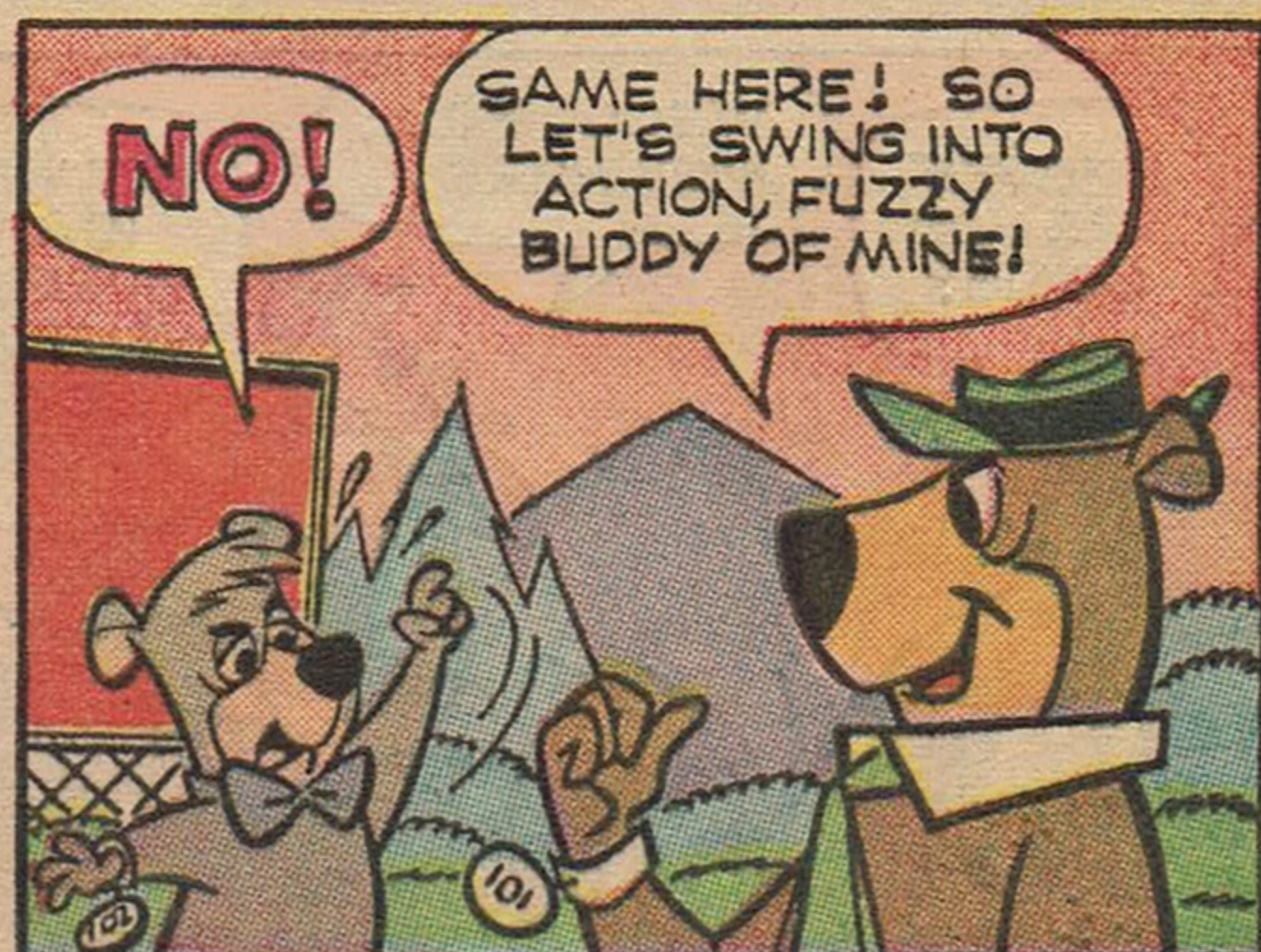
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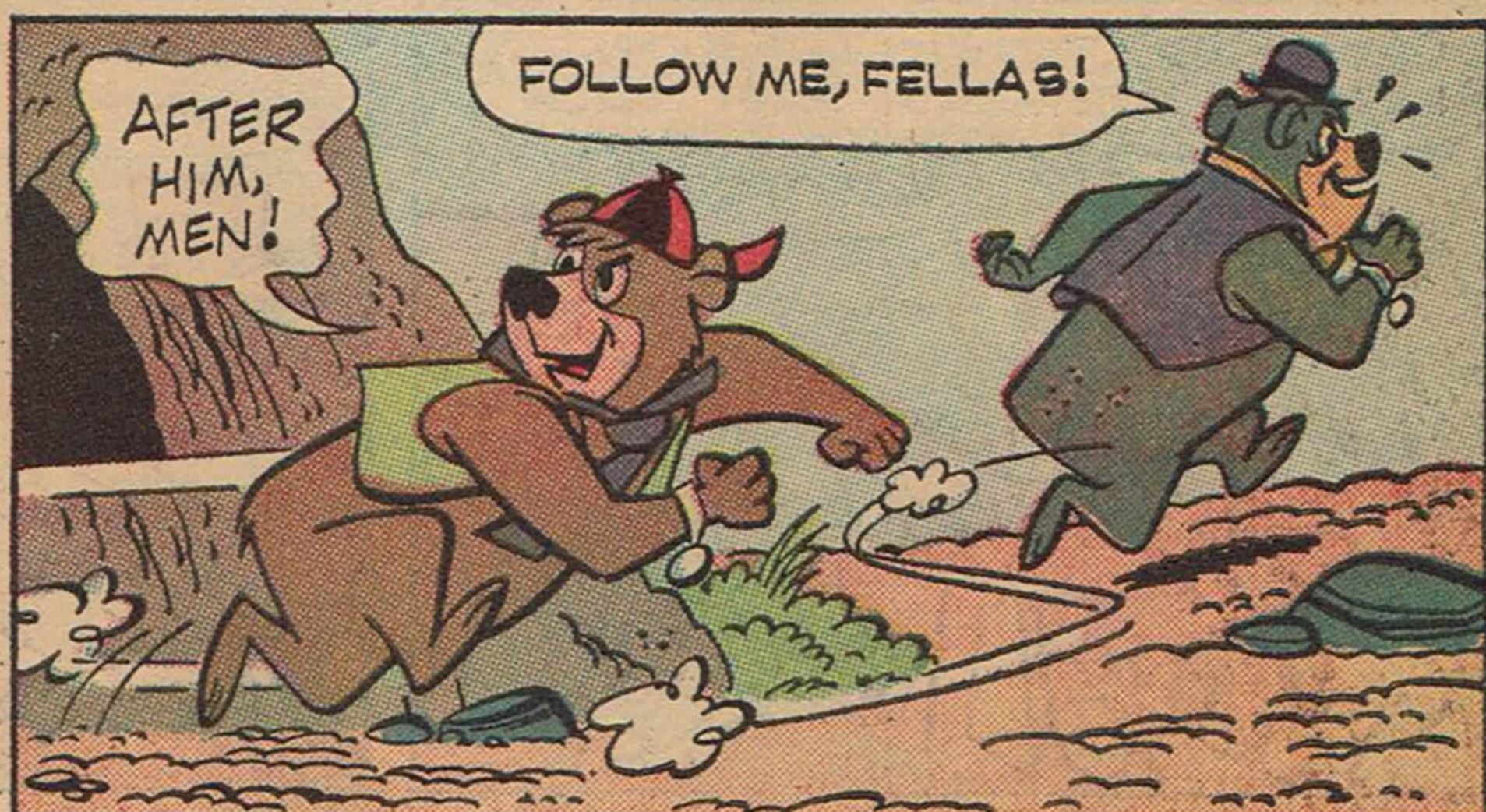
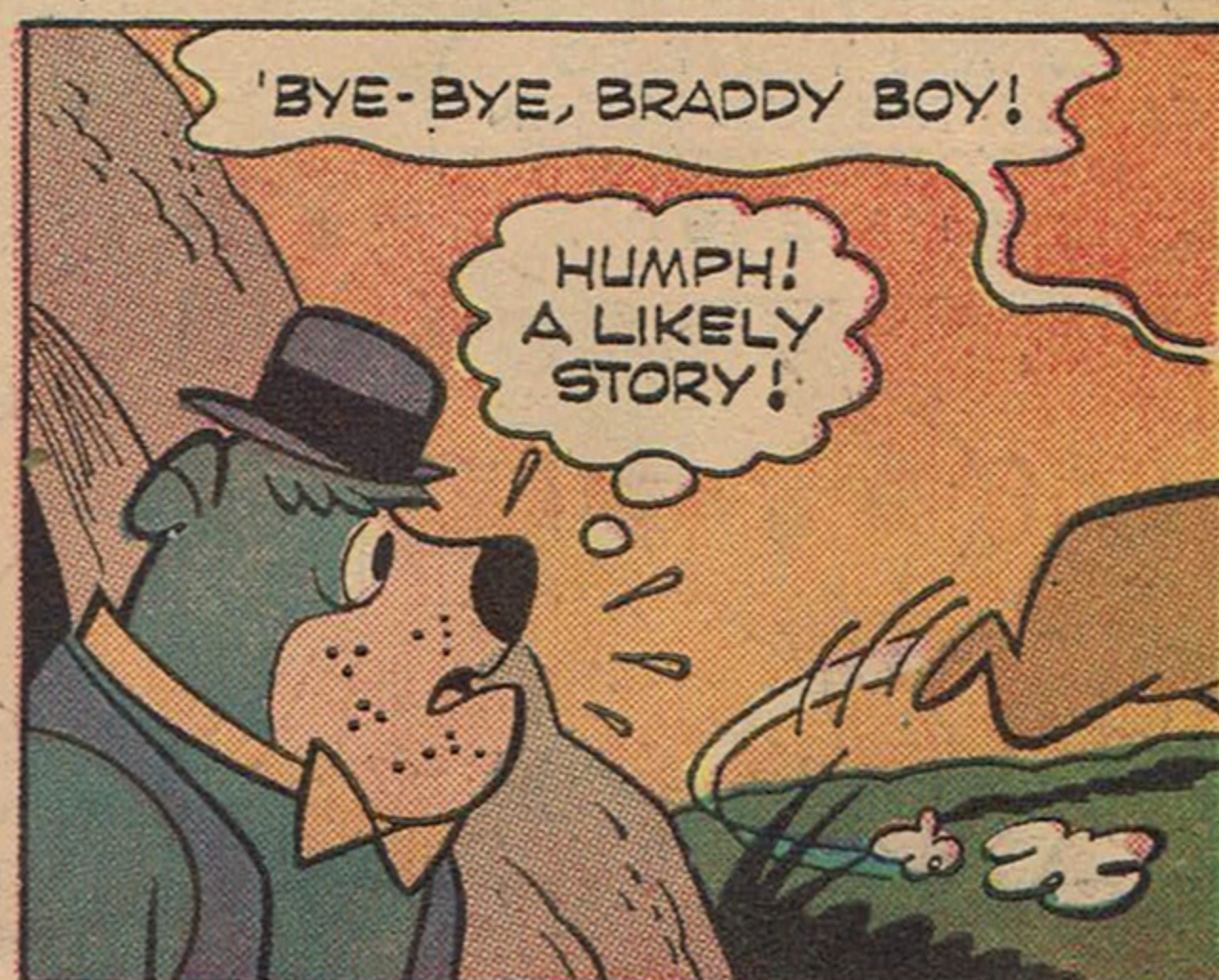
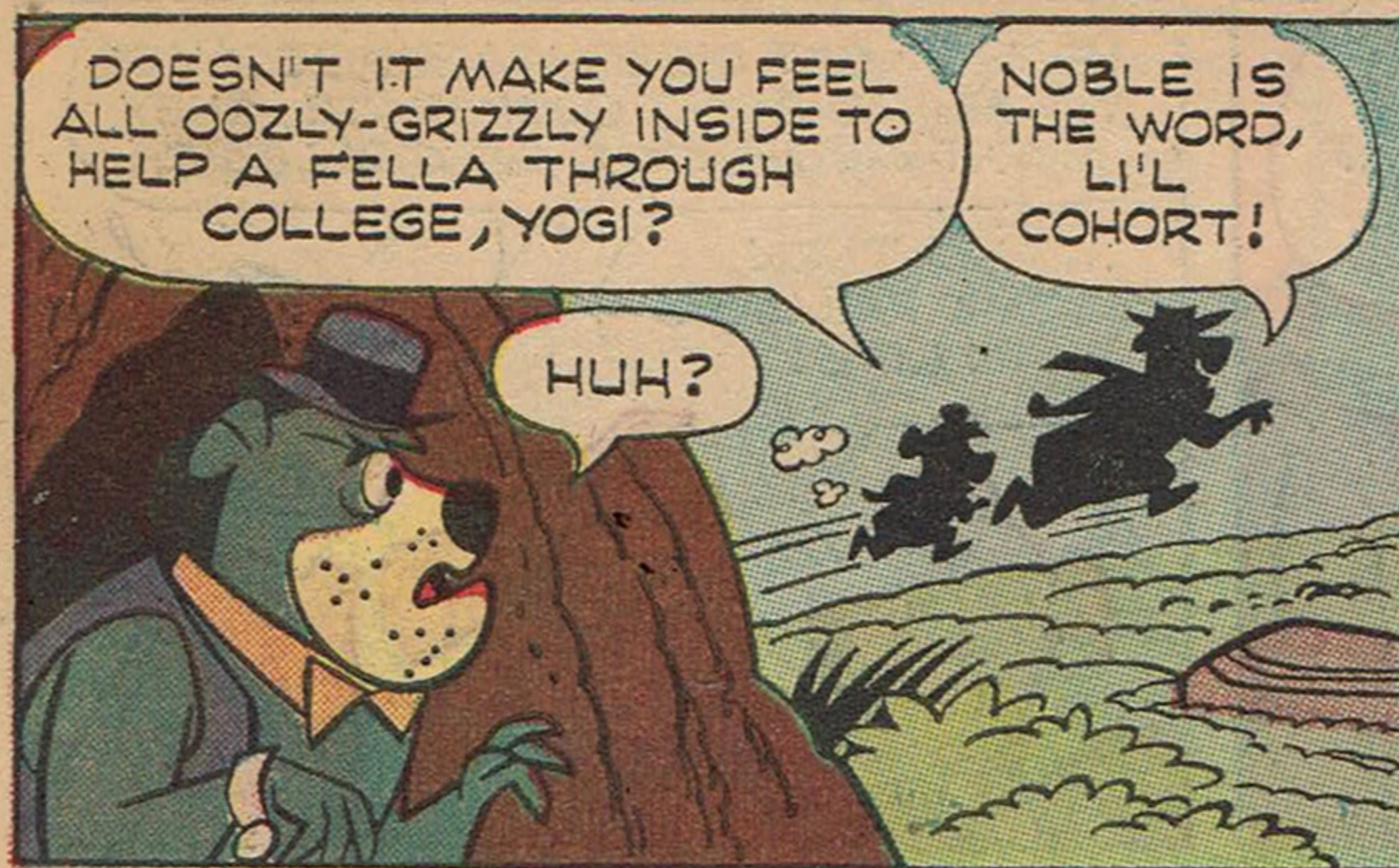
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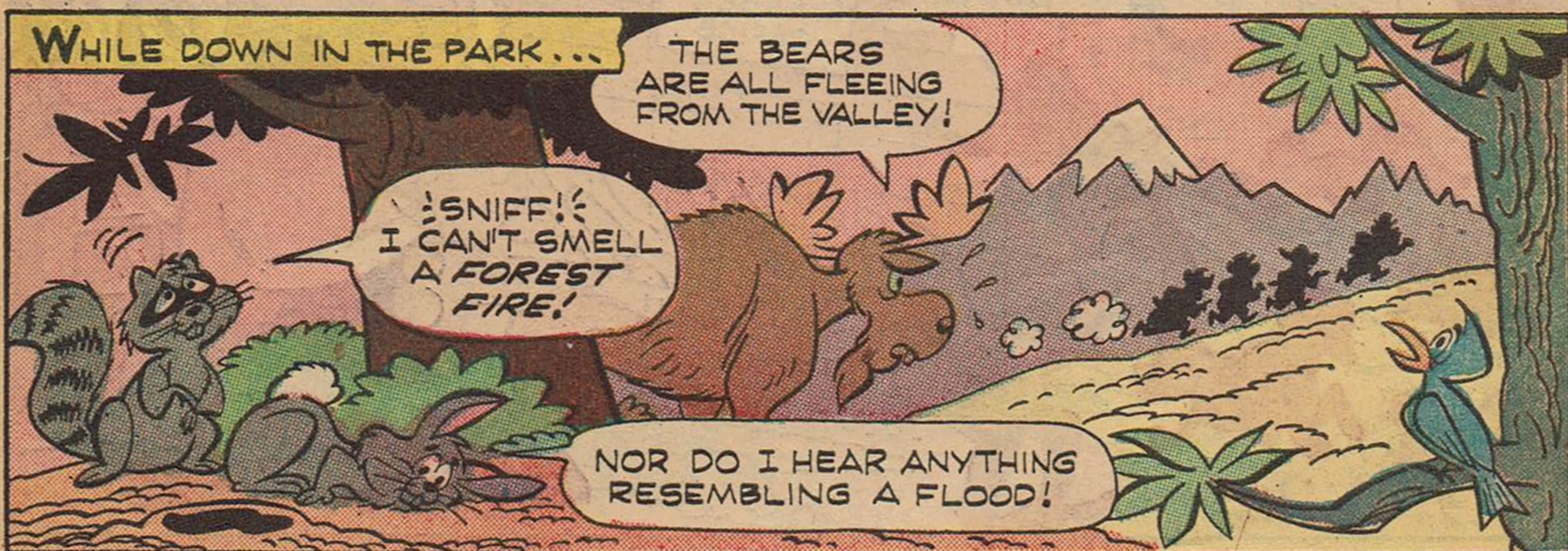
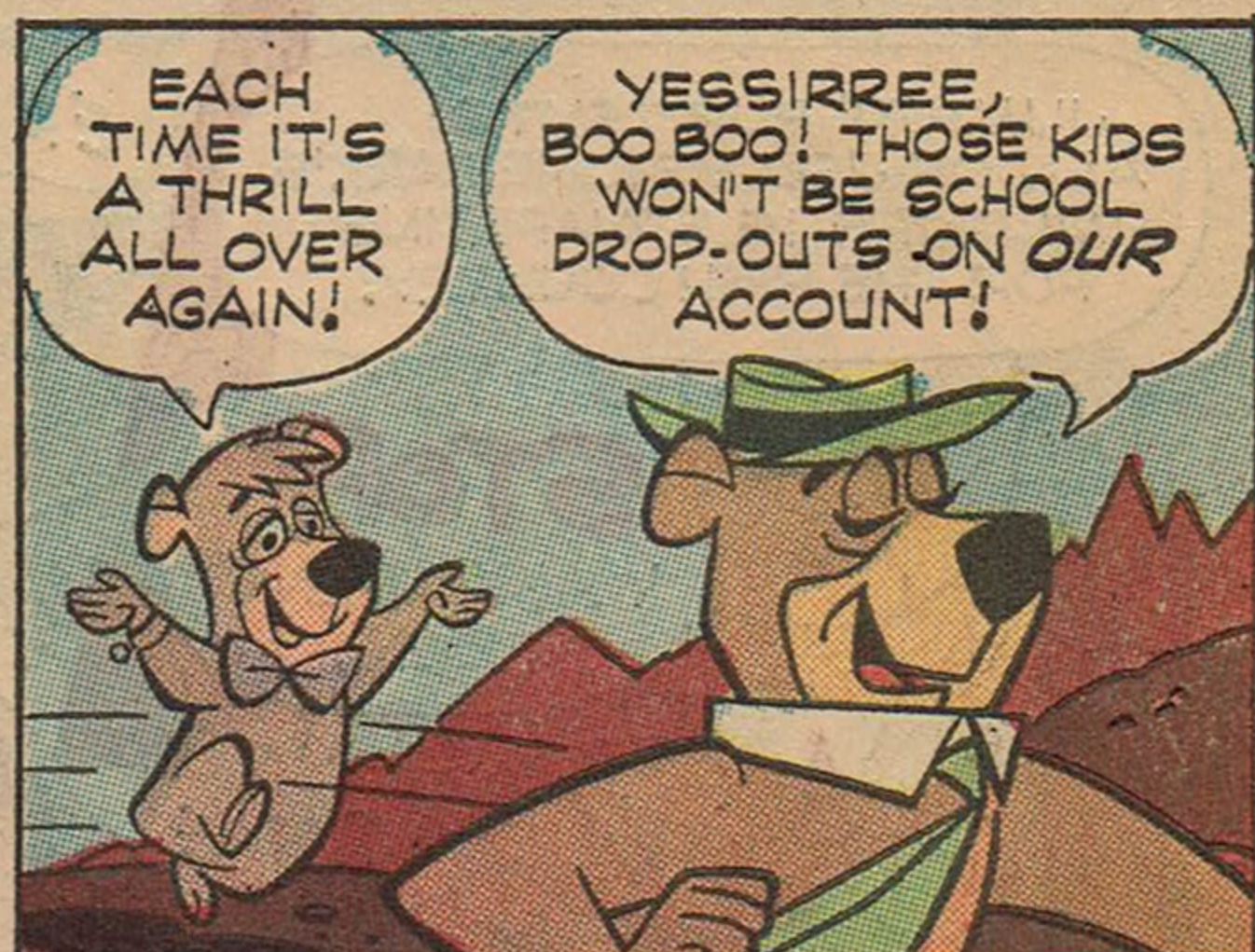


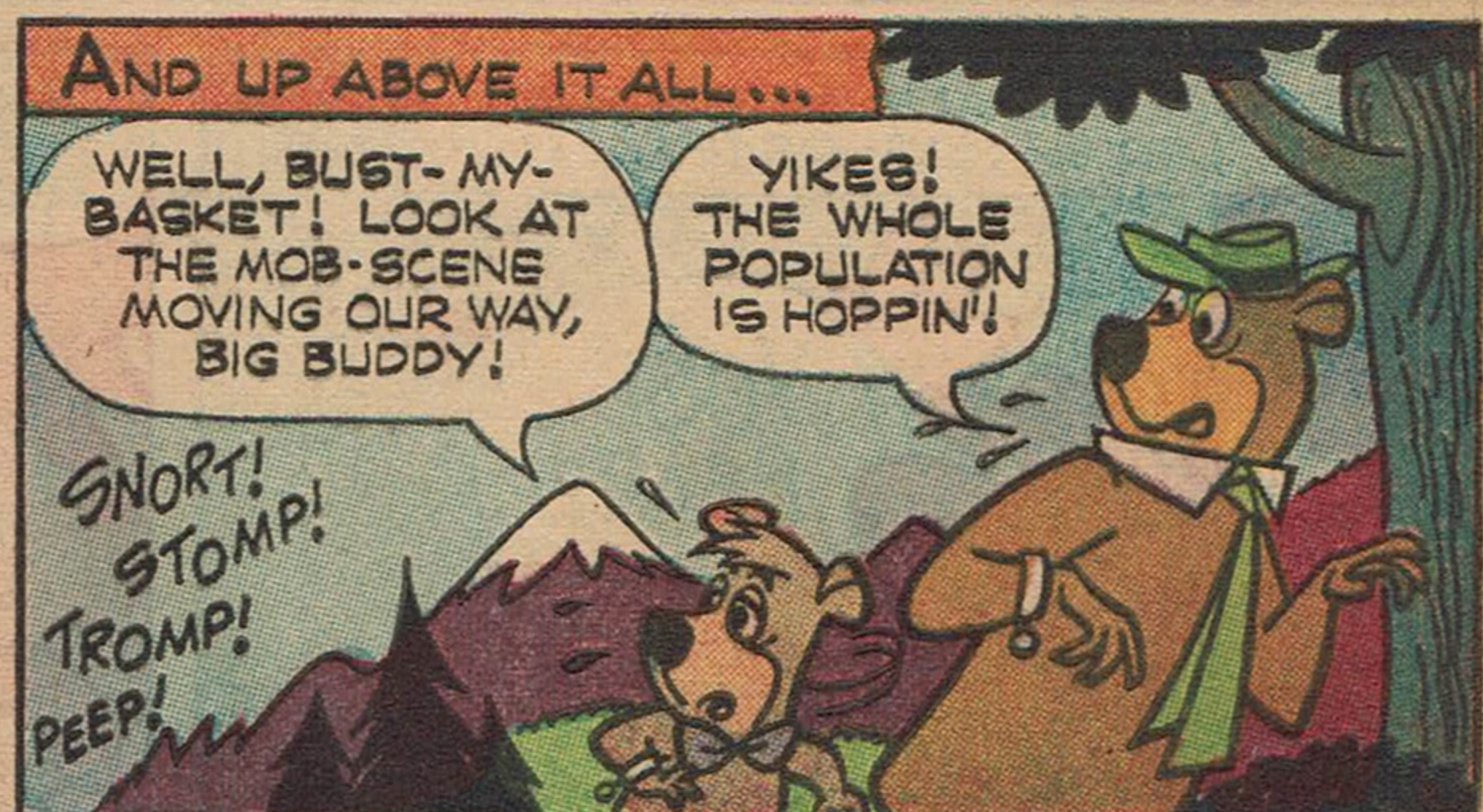
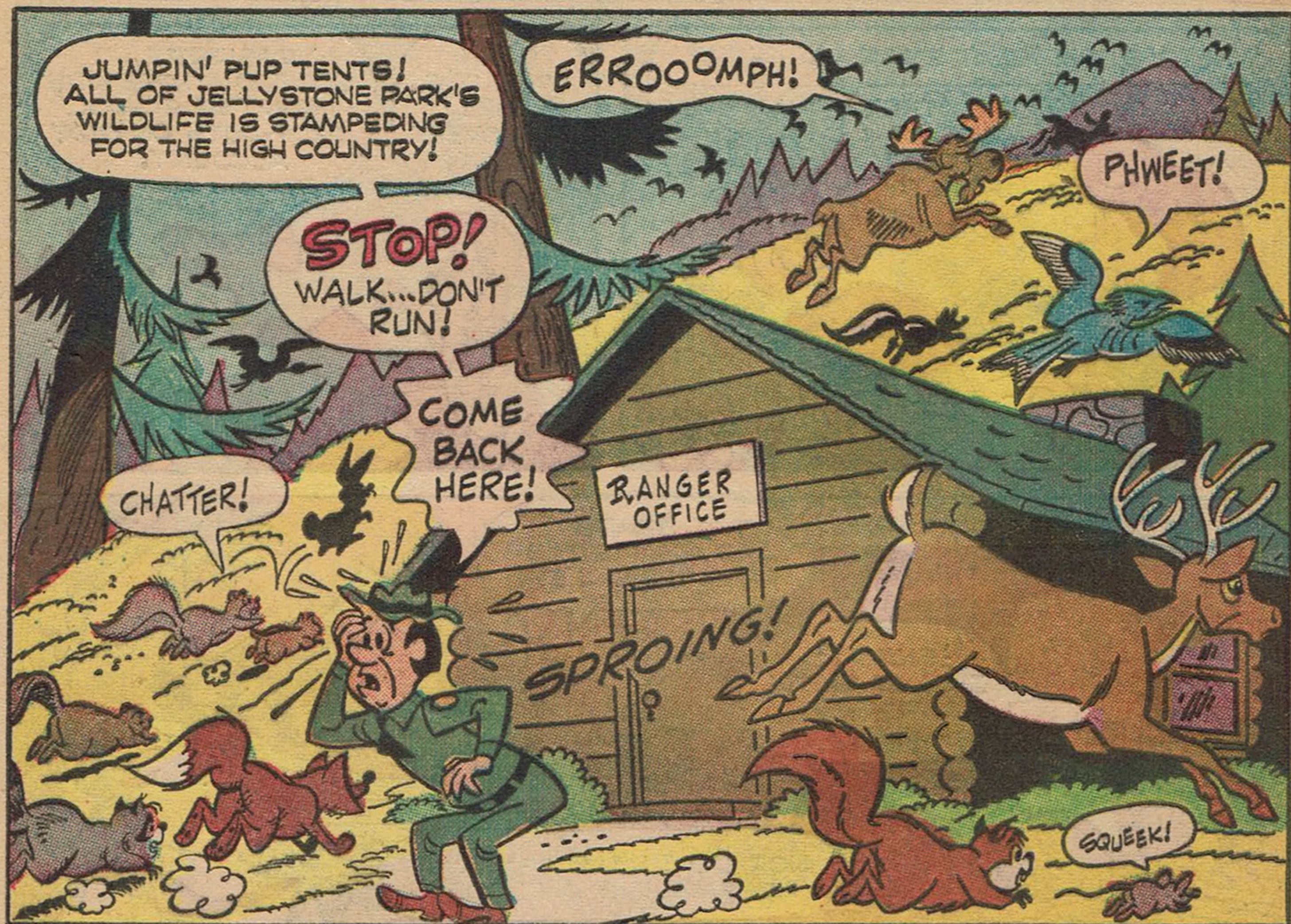
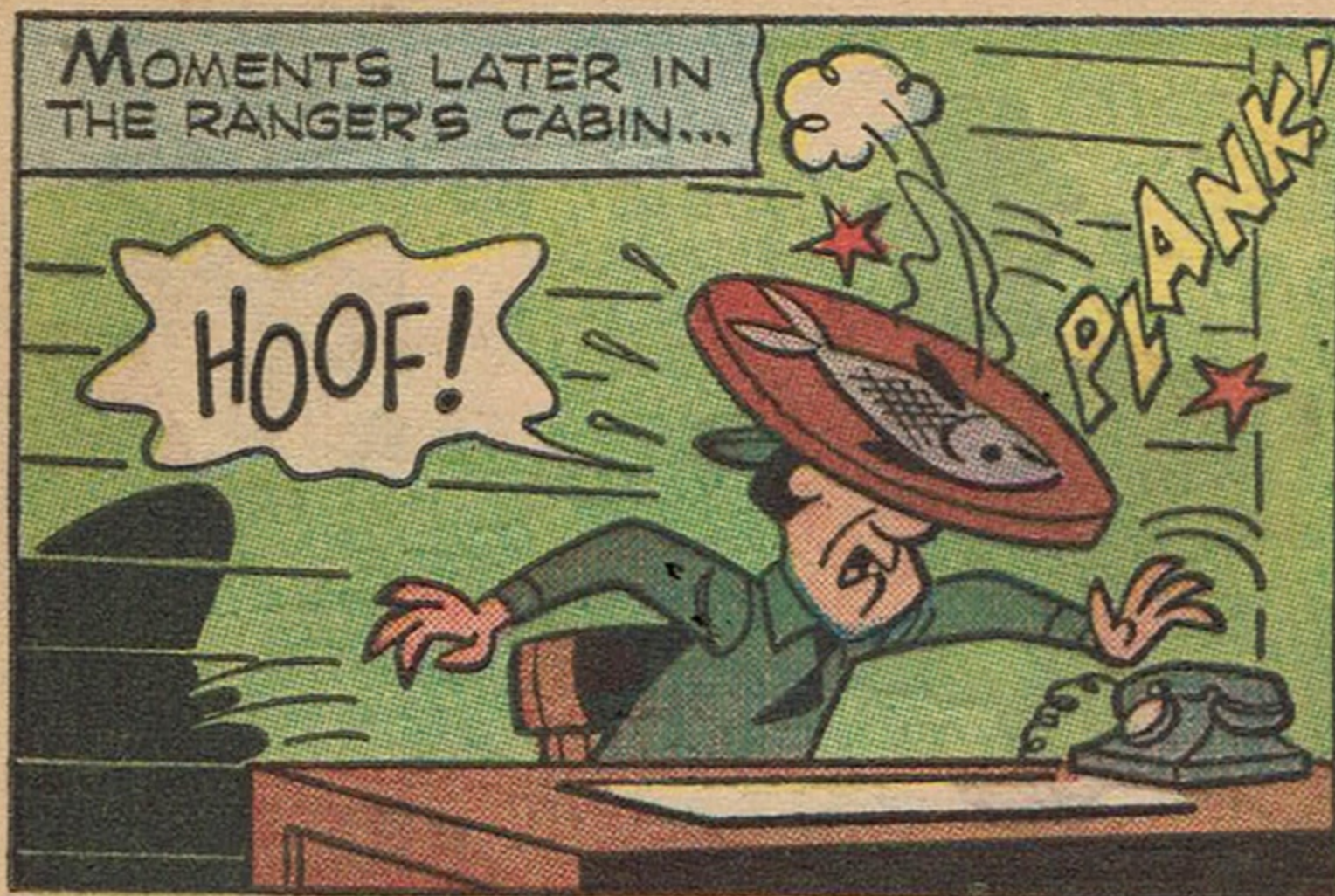
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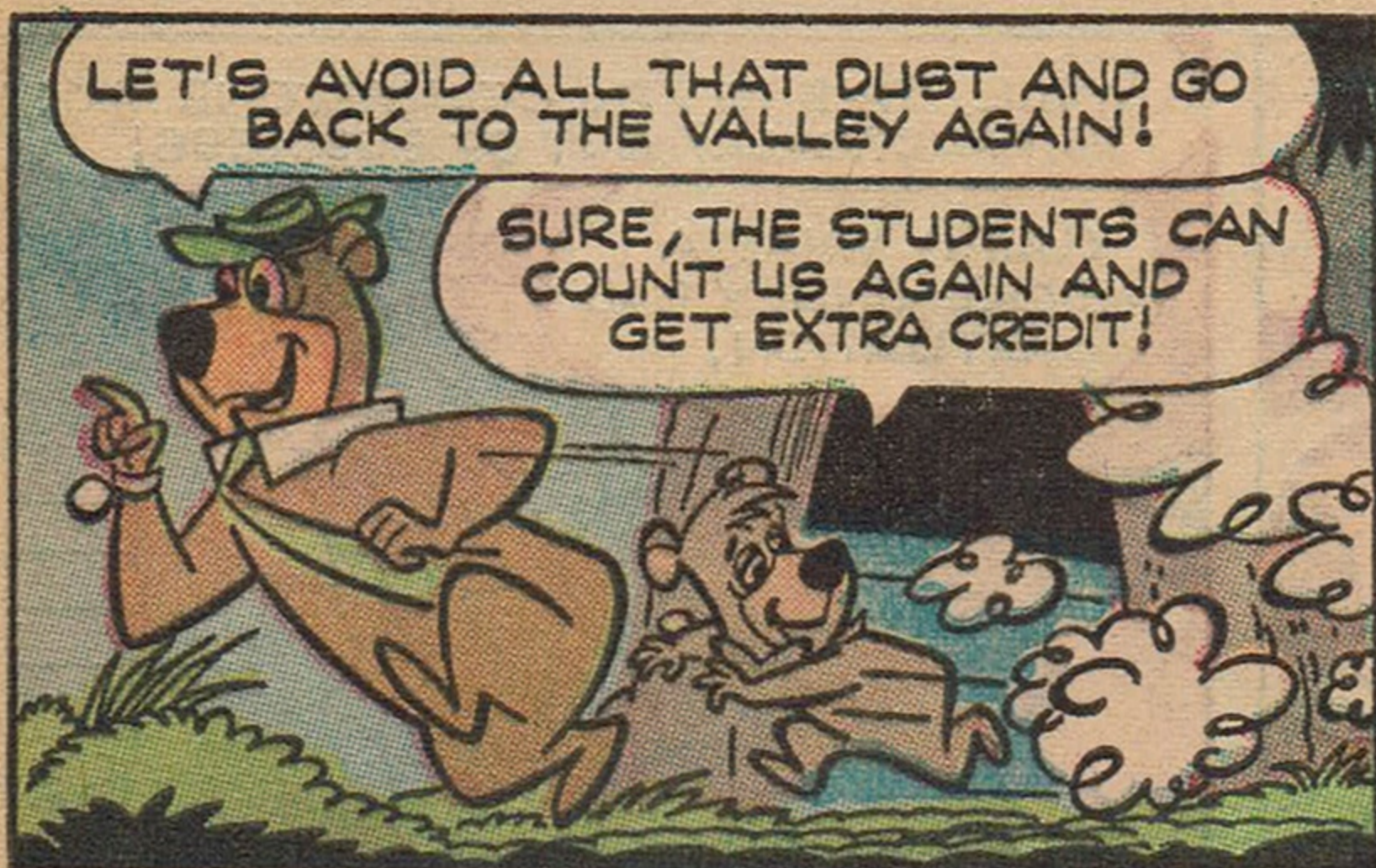
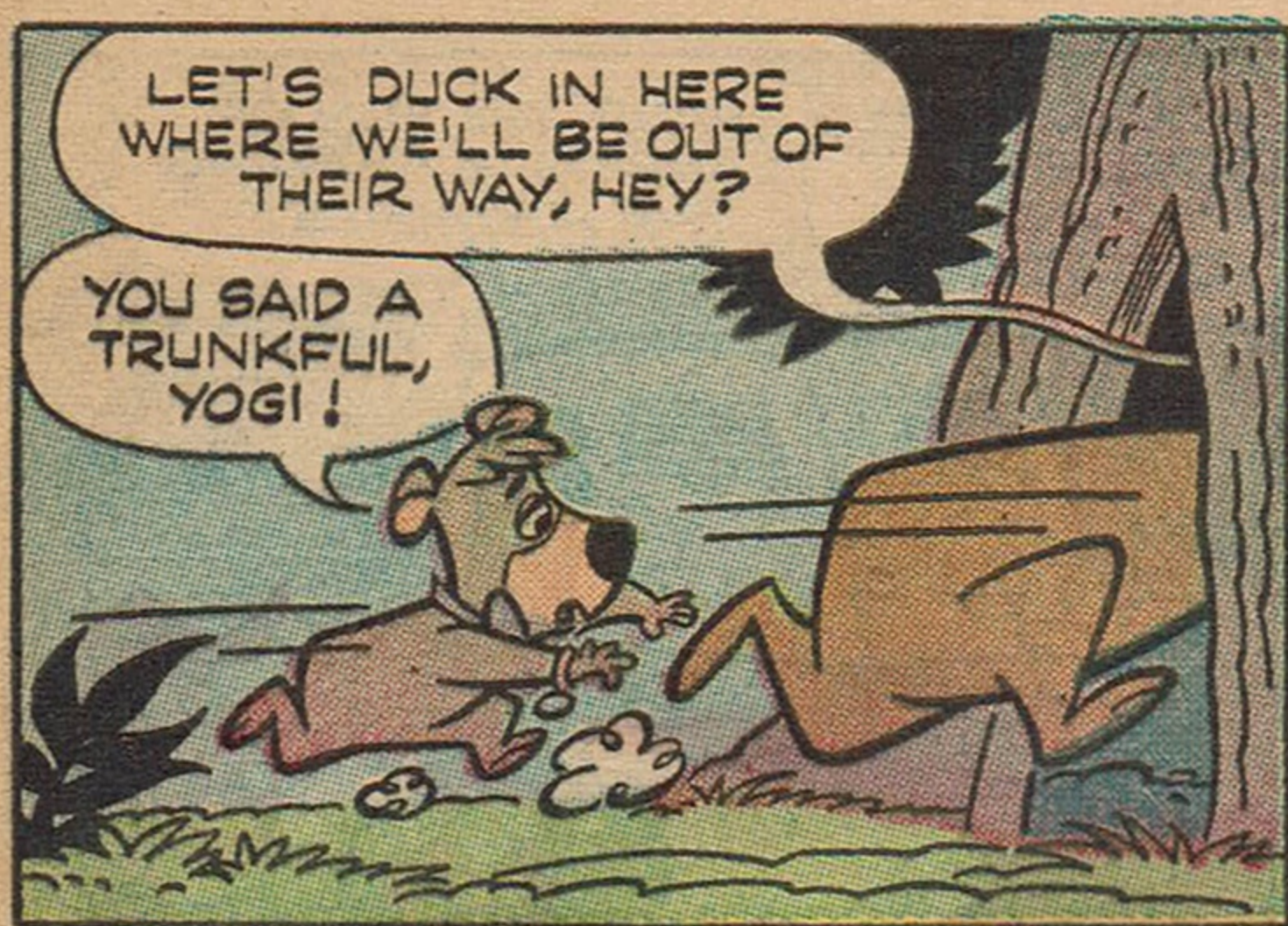


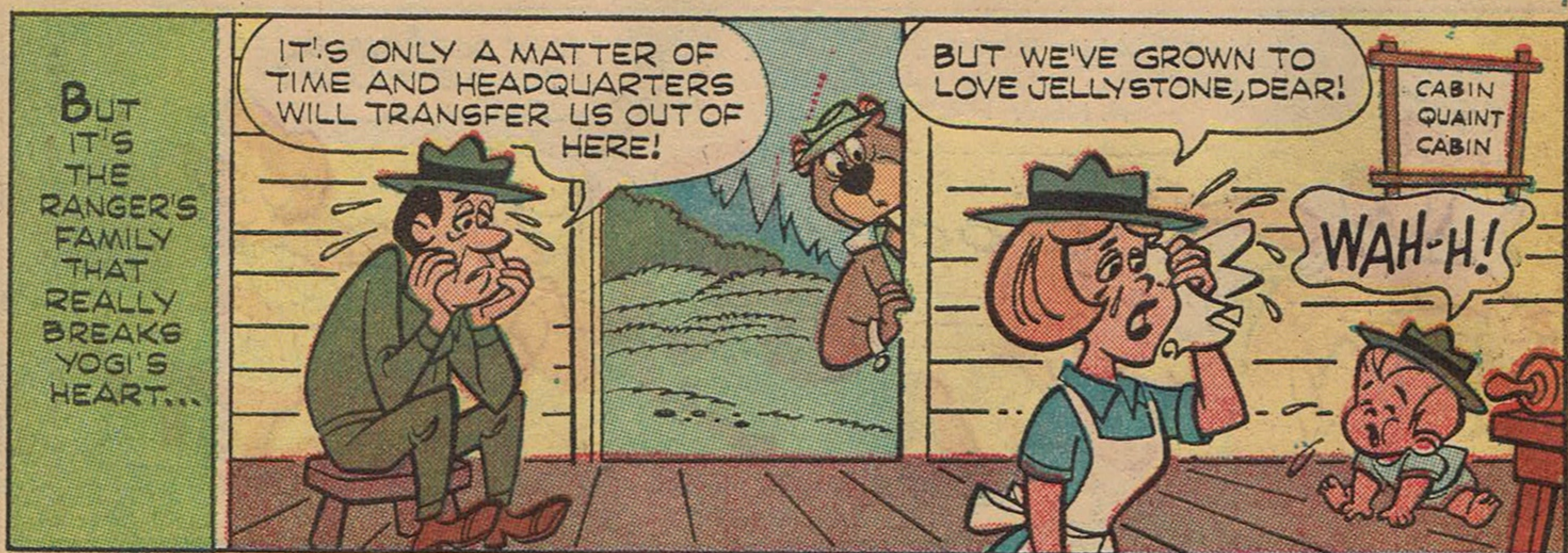
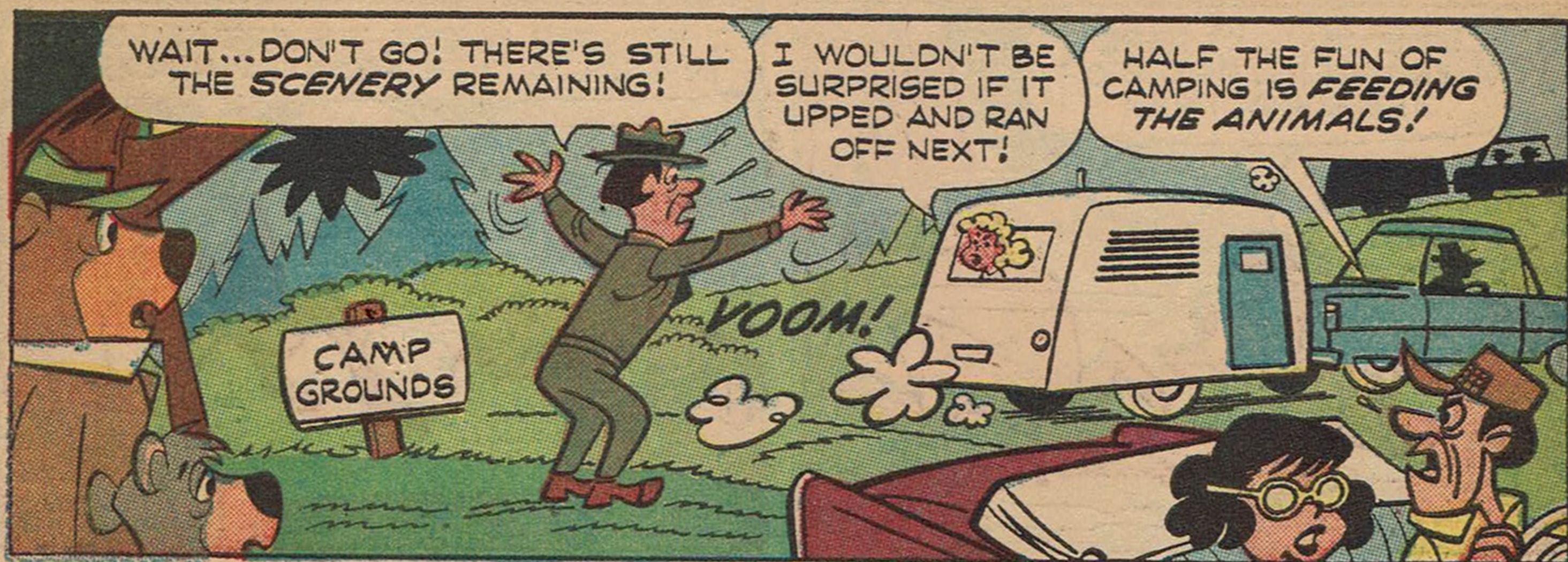






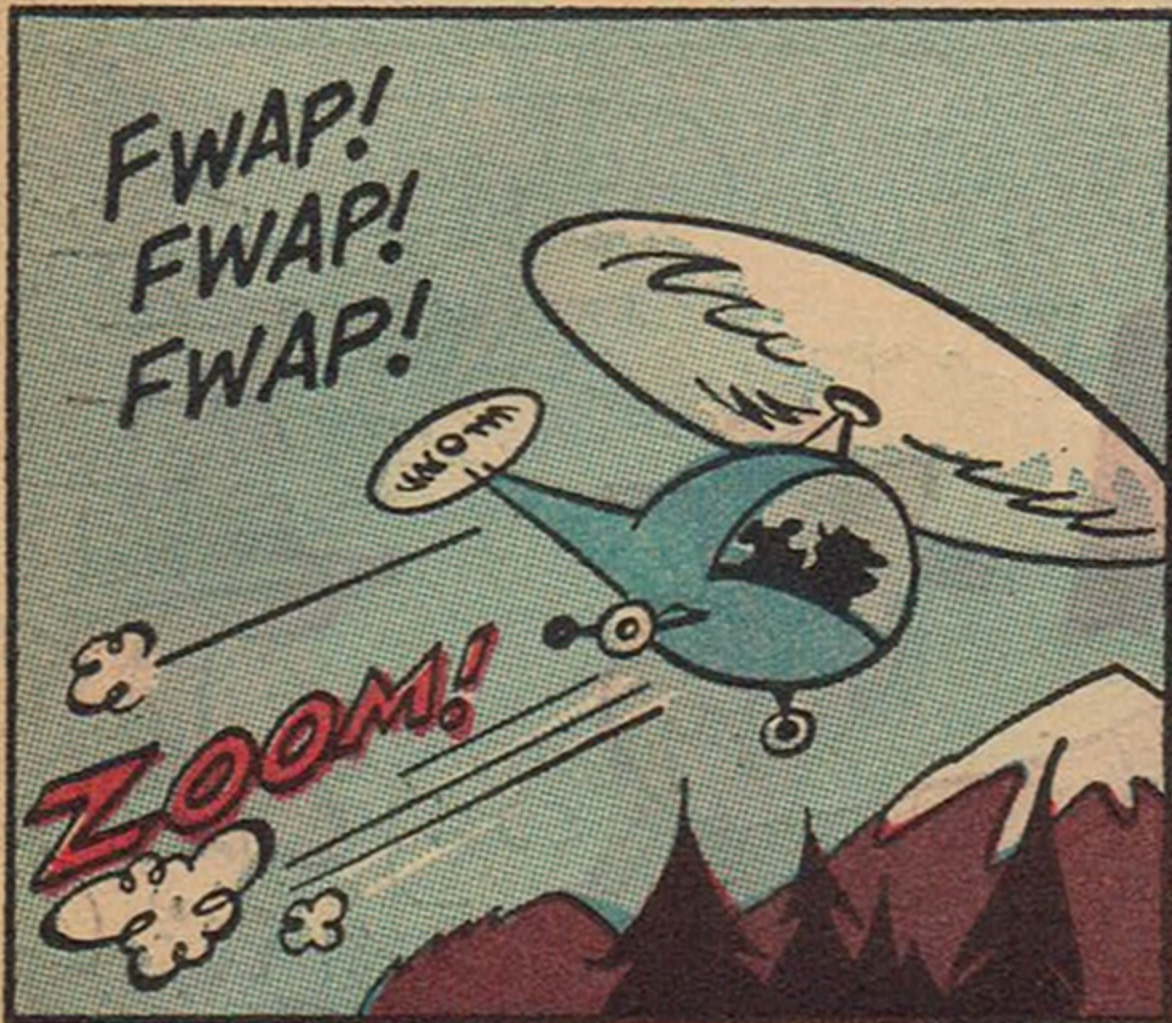






IF WE CAN REACH NEEDLE POINT PASS AHEAD OF THE STAMPEDE BY USING THE RANGER'S HELICOPTER... WE MAY BE ABLE TO TURN THE TIDE, BOO BOO...

YOUR HEAD IS AS BRILLIANT AS A ROMAN CANDLE, YOGI!



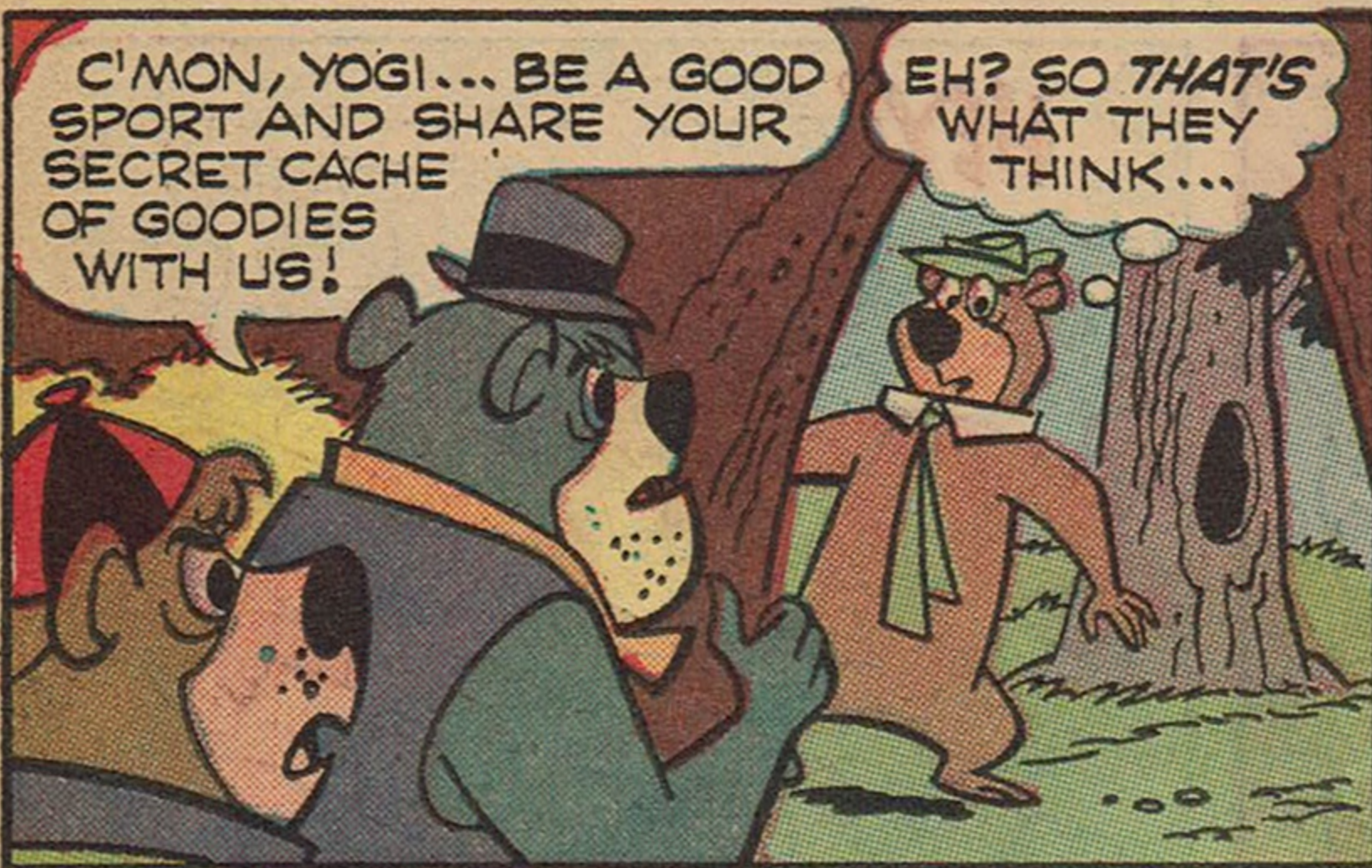
HEY! WE GOT HERE FIRST!

HERE COMES THE BEARS...THEY'RE LEADING THE PACK!



C'MON, YOGI... BE A GOOD SPORT AND SHARE YOUR SECRET CACHE OF GOODIES WITH US!

EH? SO THAT'S WHAT THEY THINK...



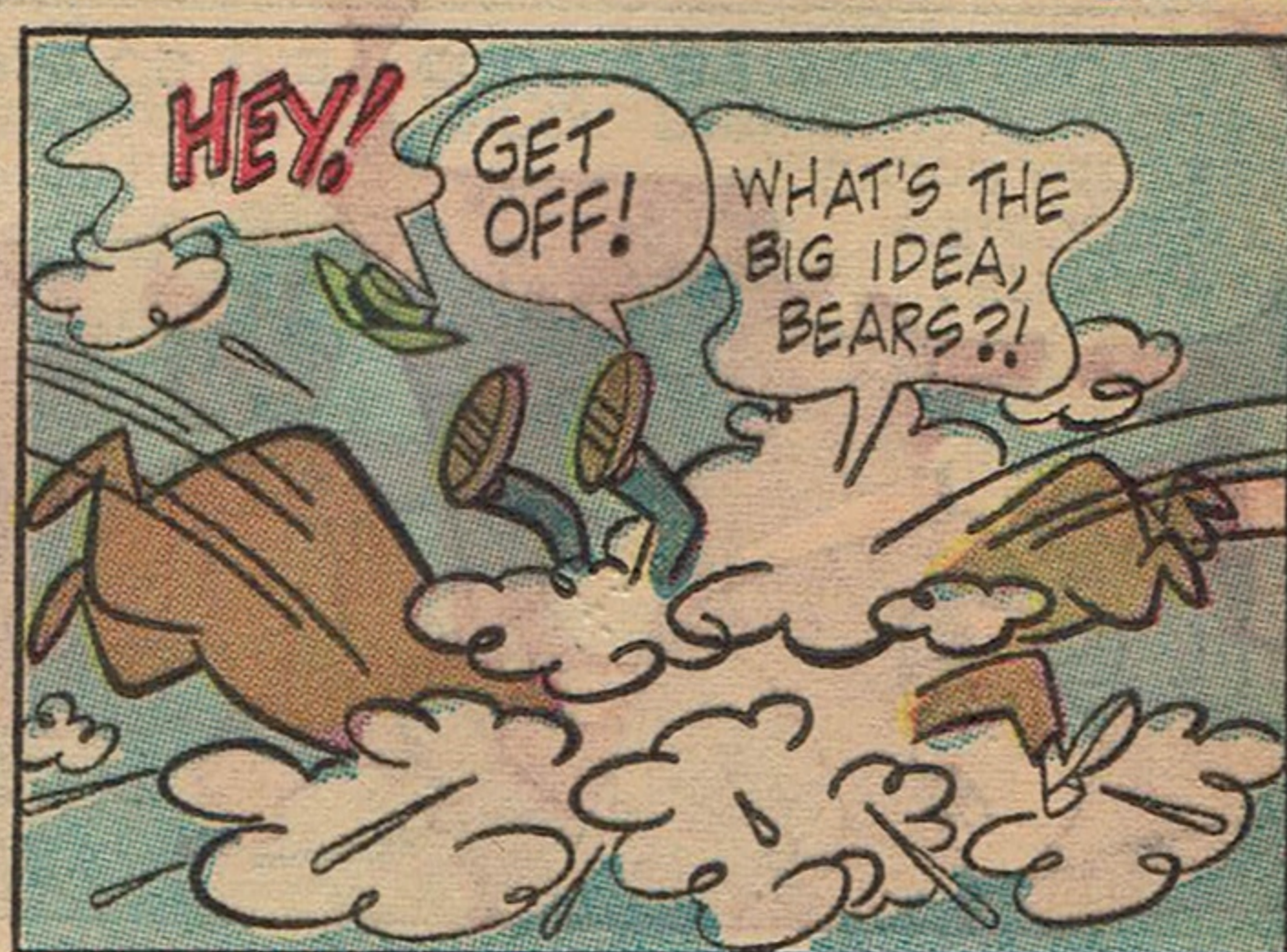
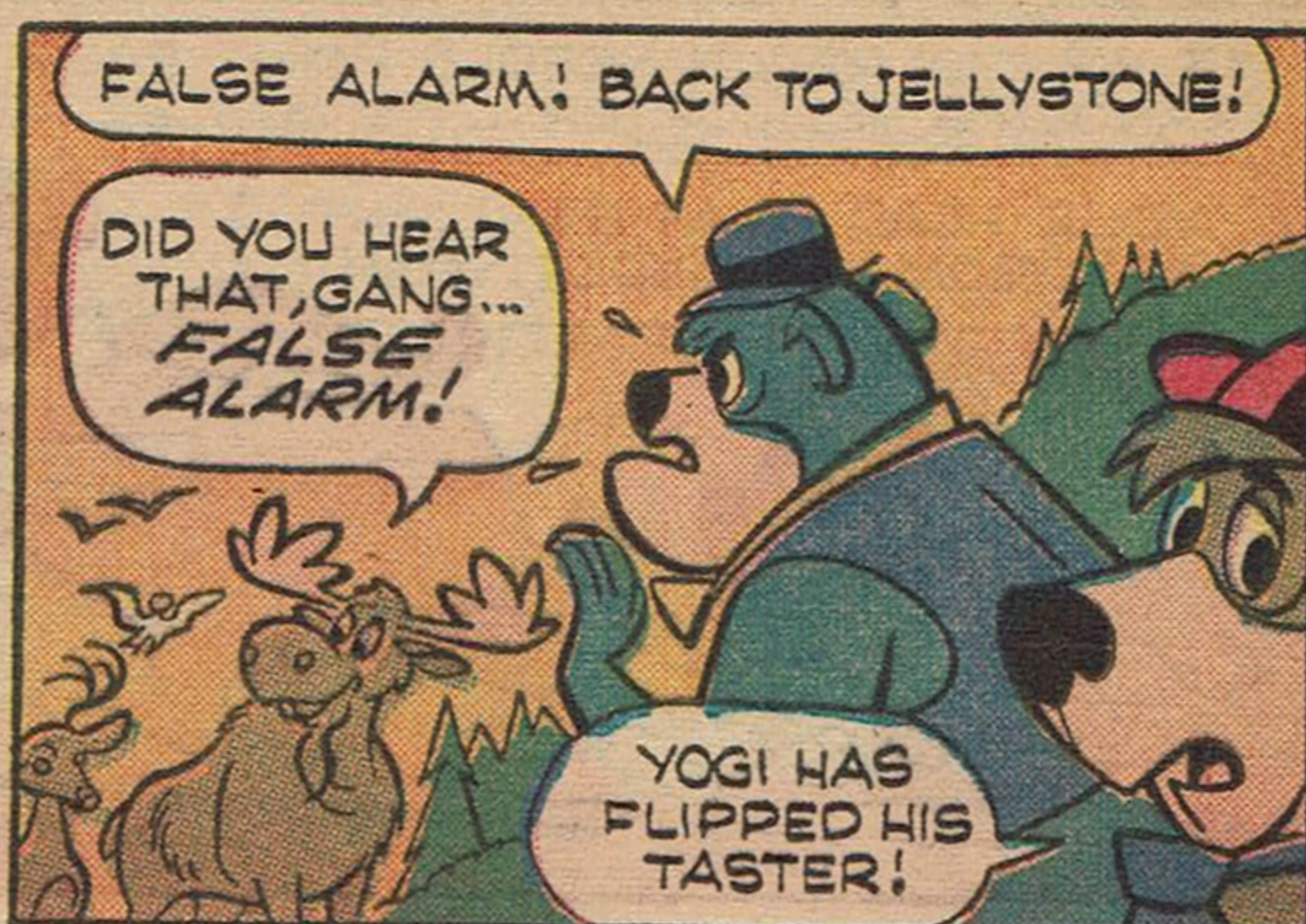
ER...OKAY, BUDDY-BEARS...WHAT'S MINE IS YOURS!



HELP YOURSELF TO THE YUMMIES IN THAT HOLLOW TREE!

FIRST COMER, FIRST FEASTER!





Hanna-Barbera
YOGI BEAR

FUNNY BUSINESS IN THE FOREST

YOGI AND BOO BOO ARE TAKING
THEIR NIGHTLY STROLL WHEN...

Y-YOGI...WHAT IS IT
THAT'S BIG AND BROWN,
HAS OUTSTRETCHED
LIMBS AND BEADY
LITTLE EYEBALLS?

A BEAR
BEGGING AT A
SMORGASBORD
PICNIC!



WRONG! IT'S A
TREE GONE WEIRDO
OR SOMETHING!

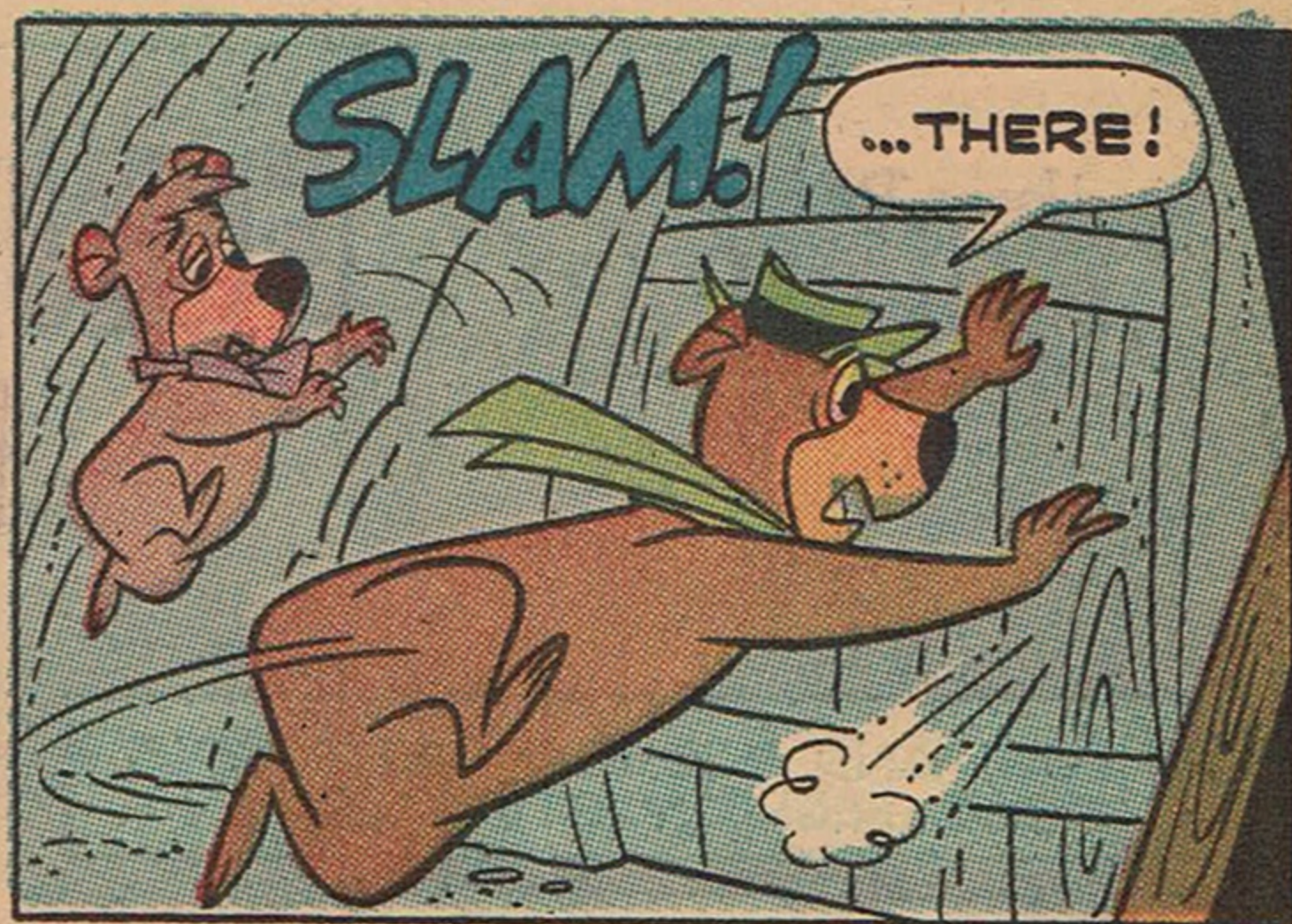
WOOOOOO
EEK!



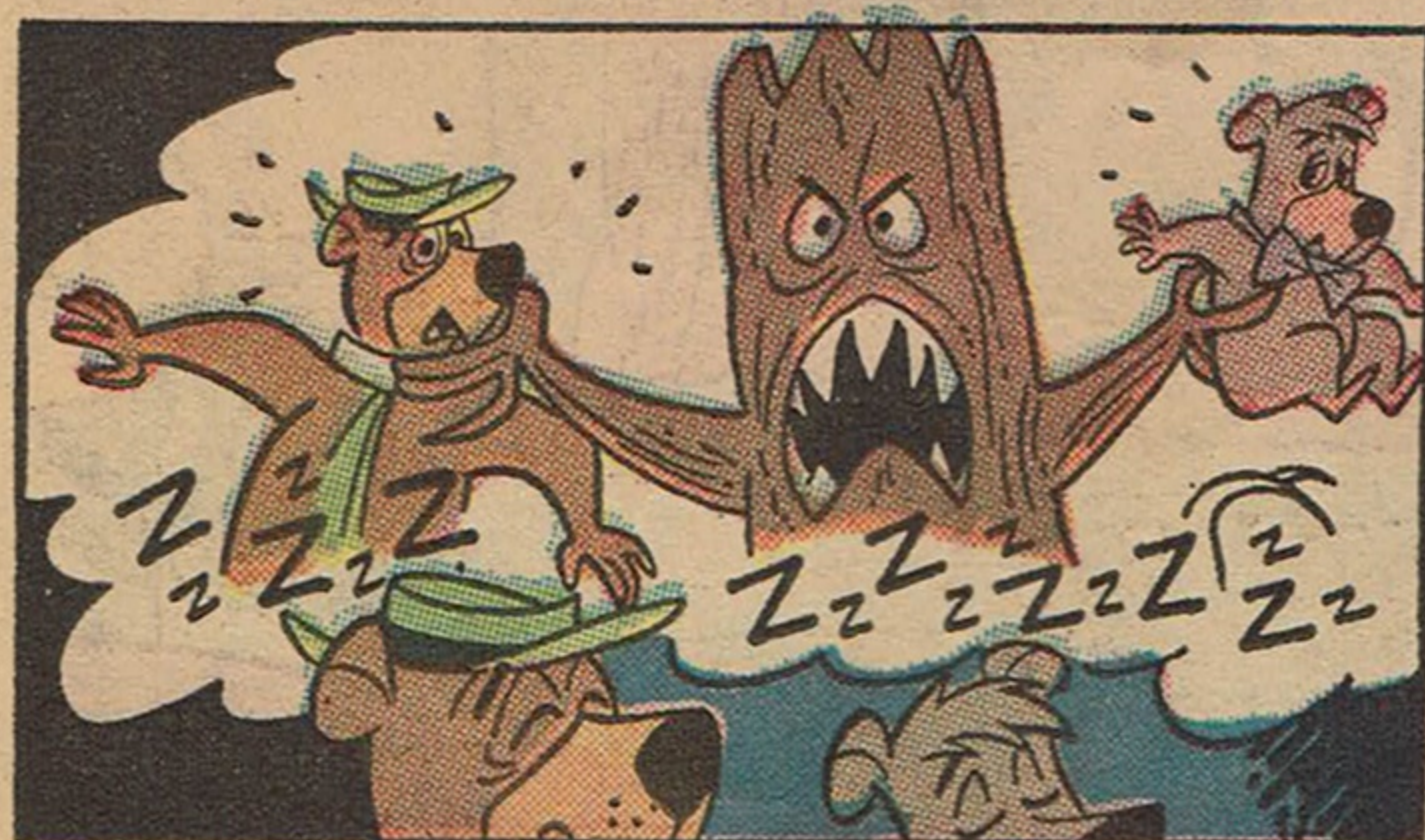
RUN, BOO BOO! RUN!

WHY
BOTHR
WHEN I CAN
FLY?

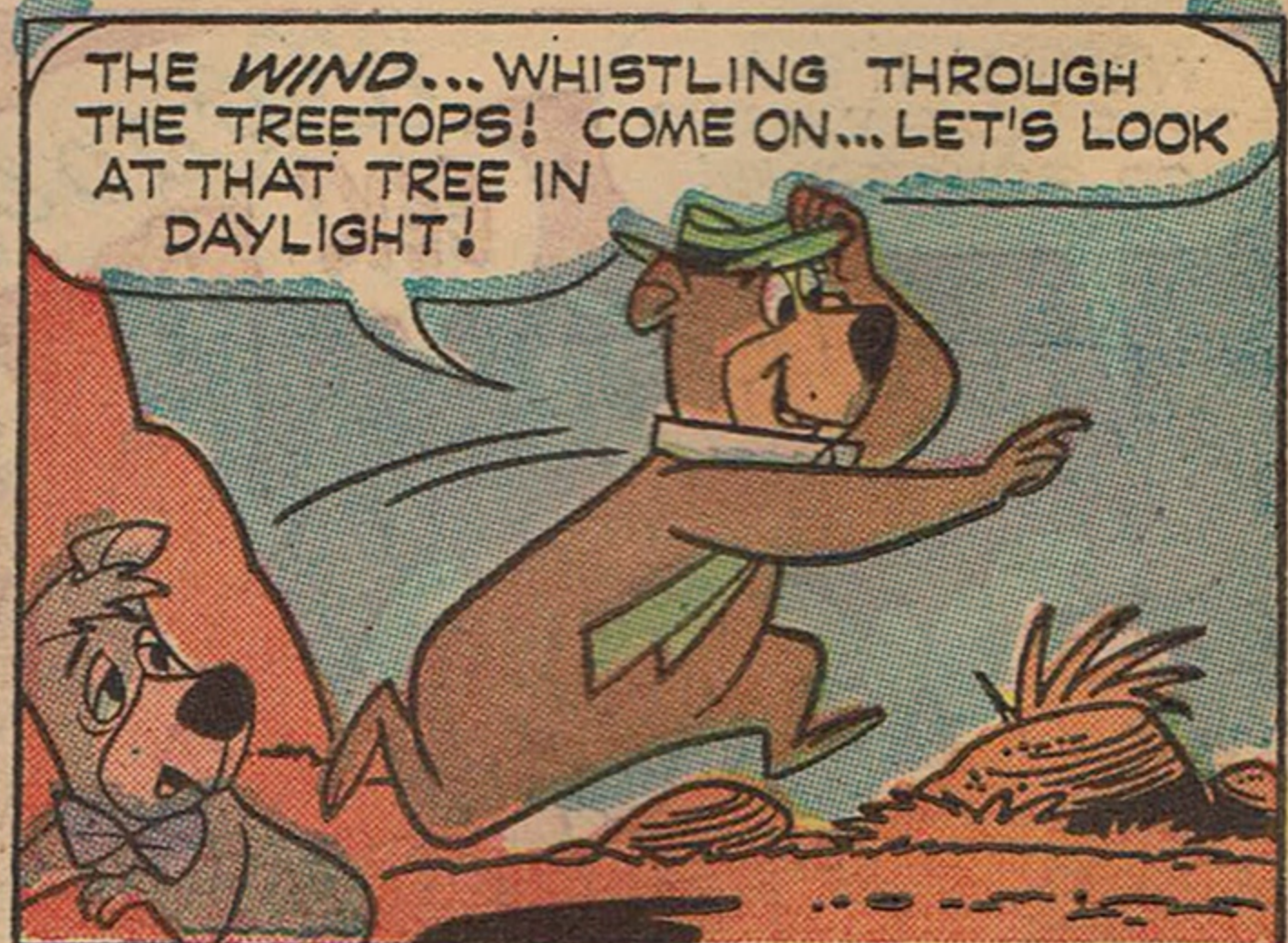
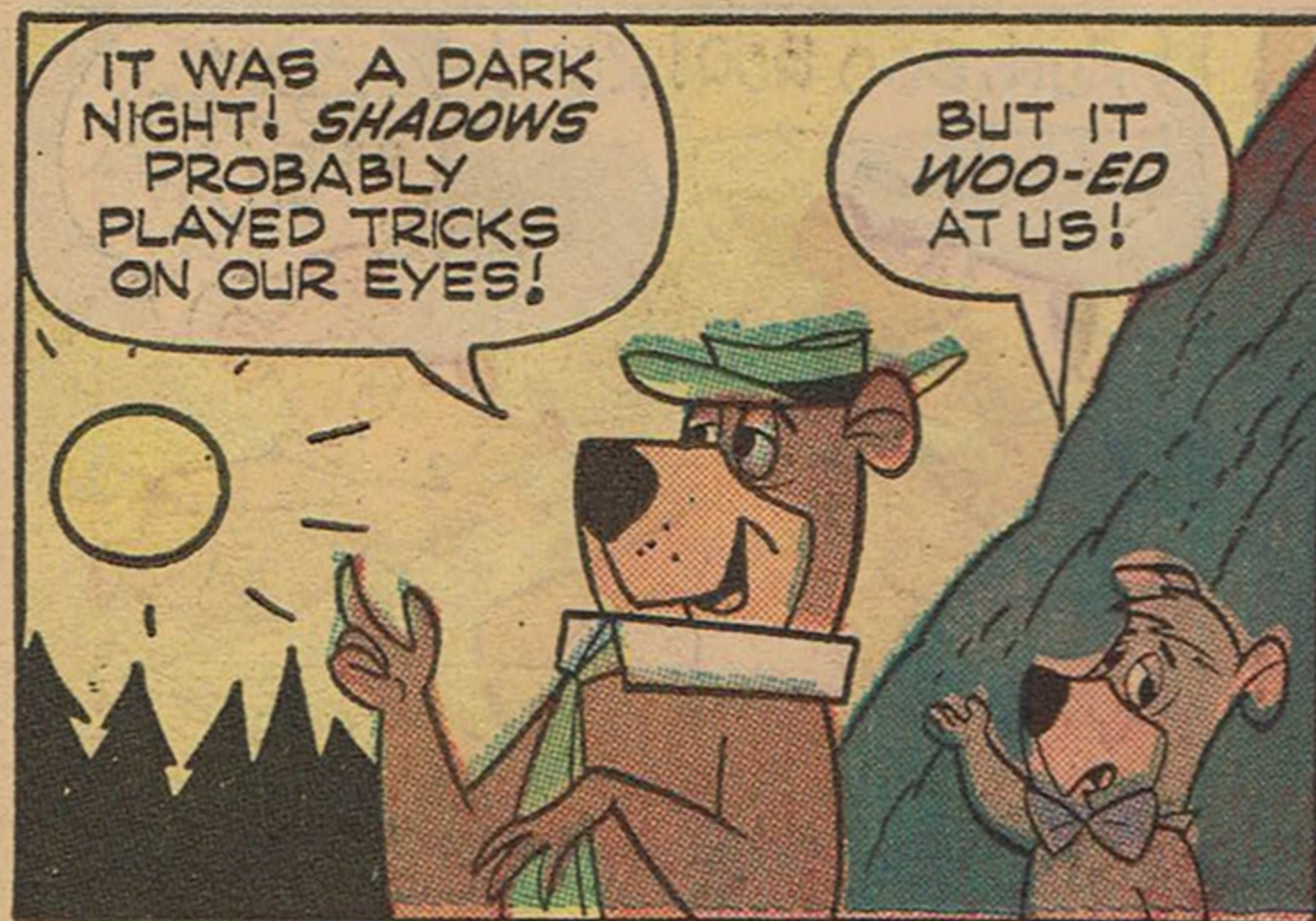
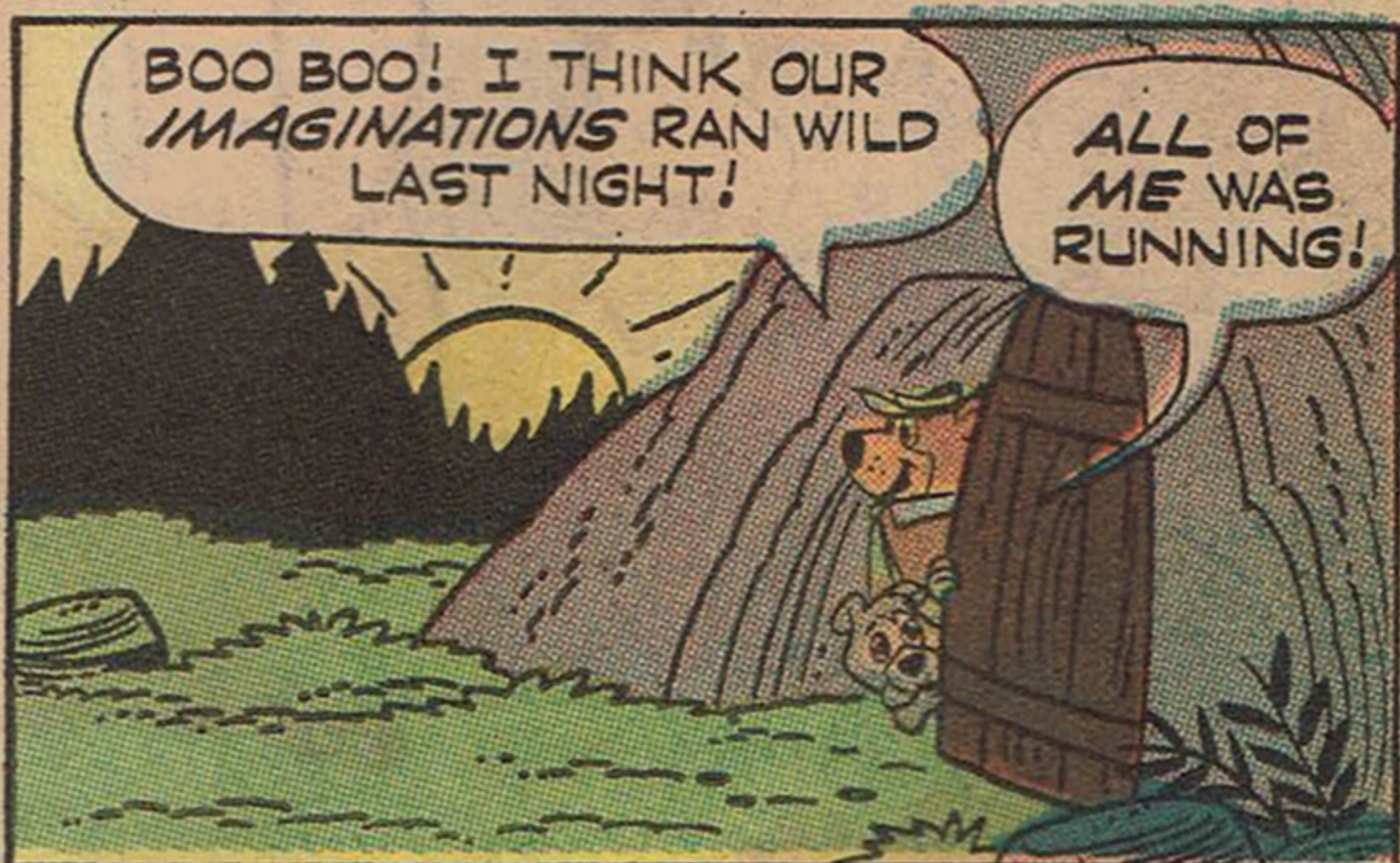


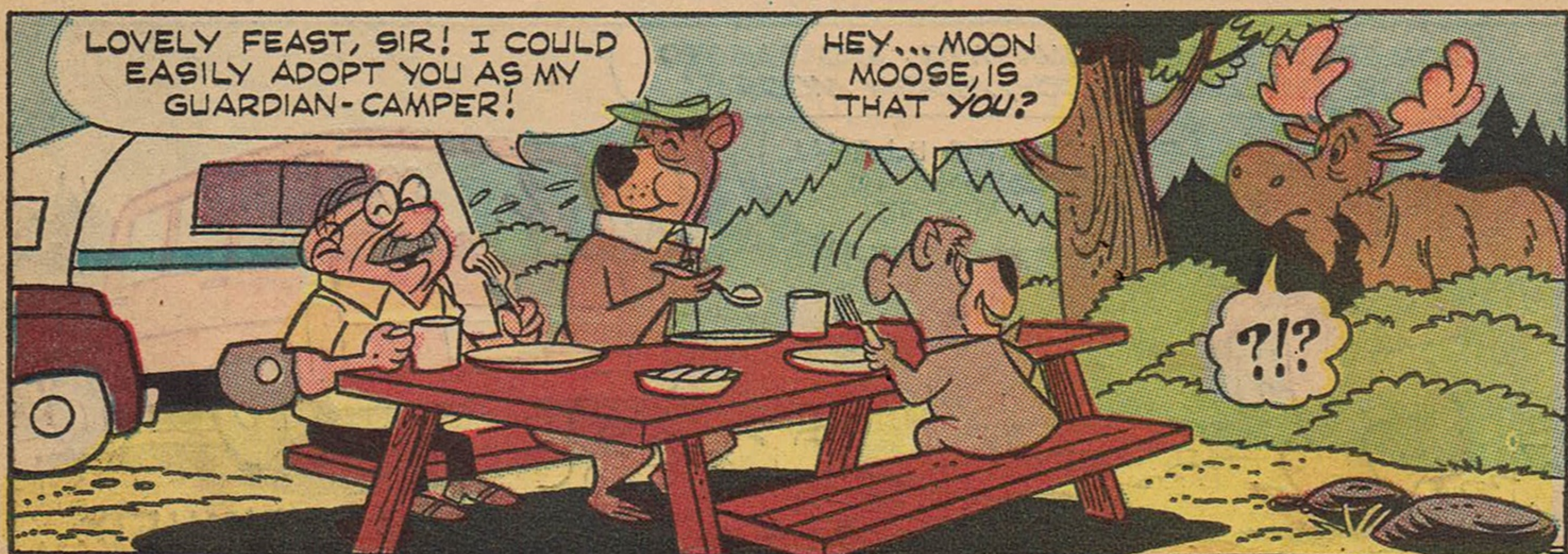
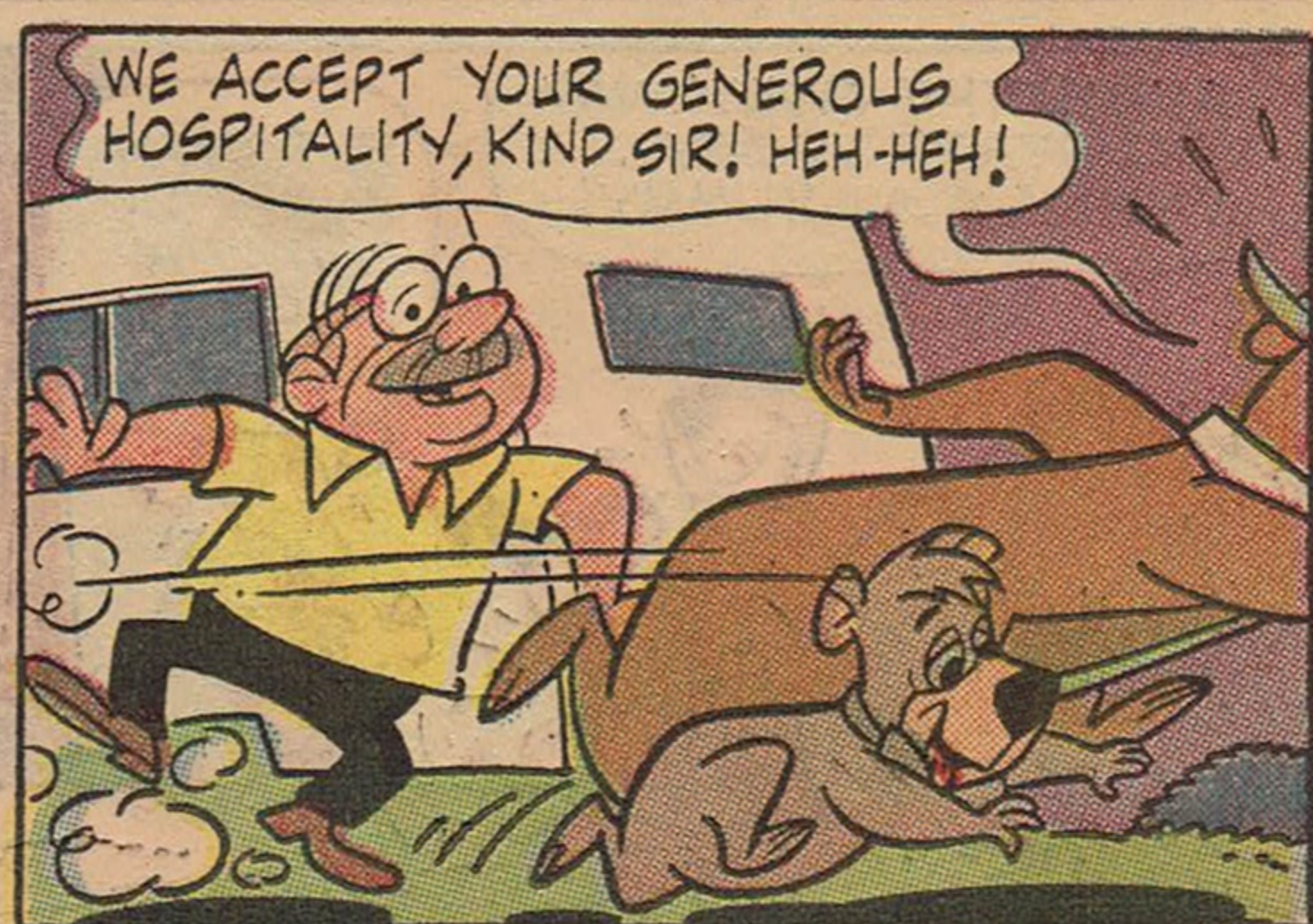
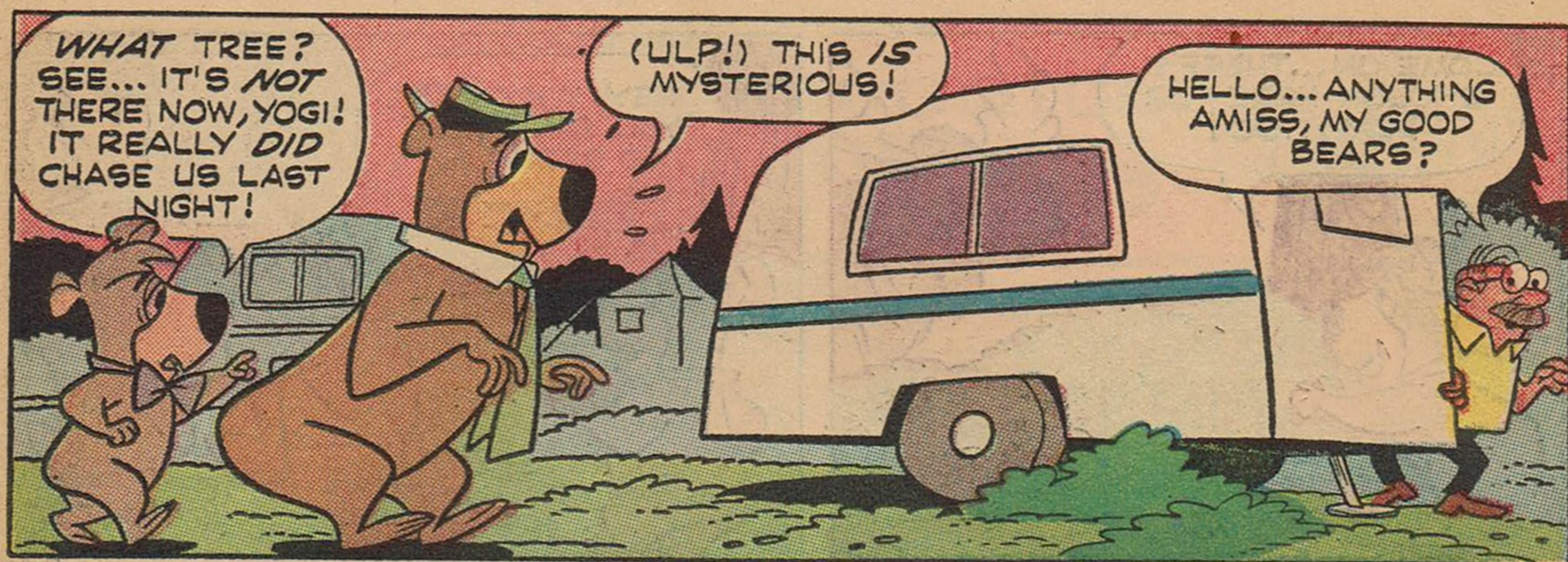


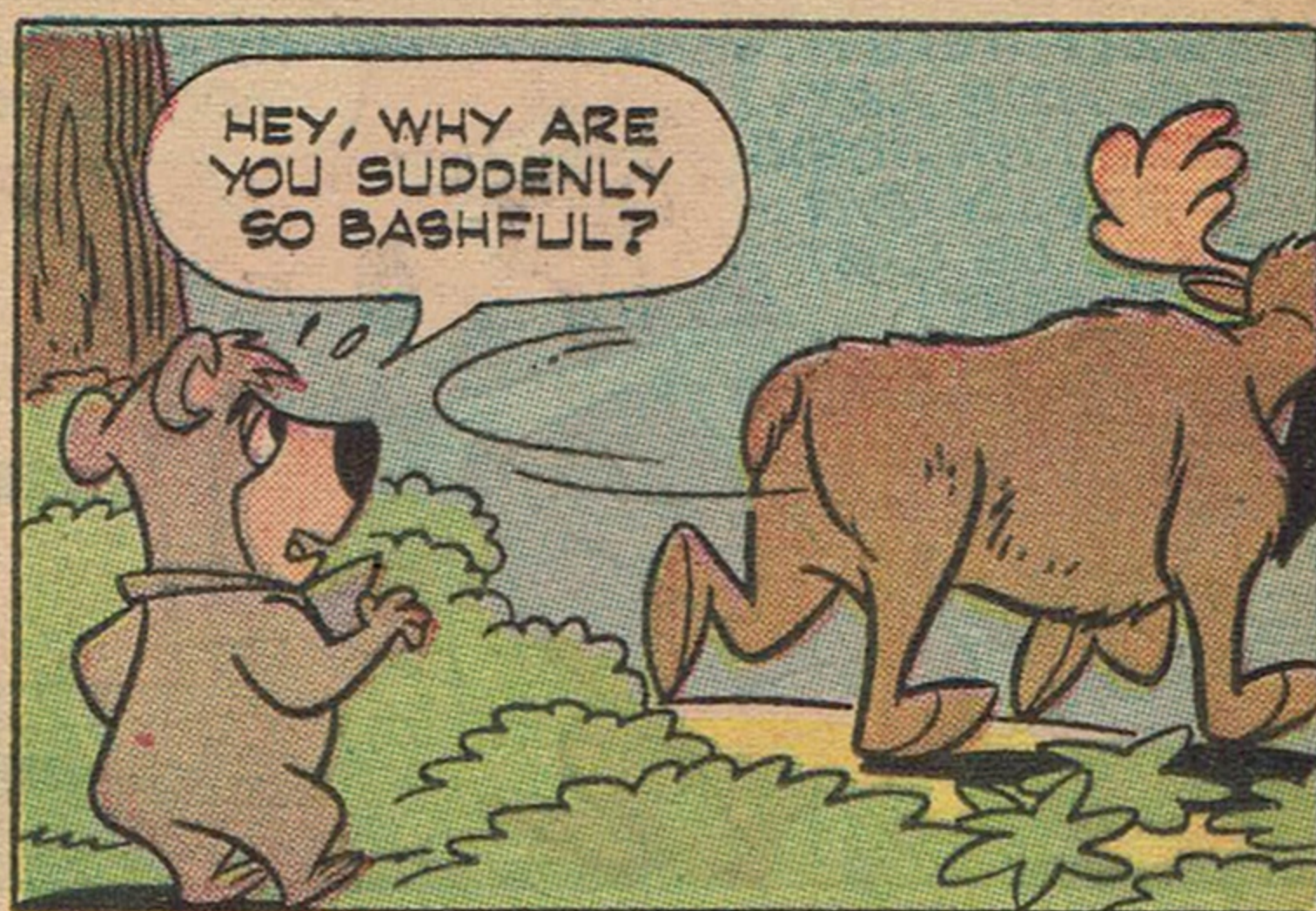
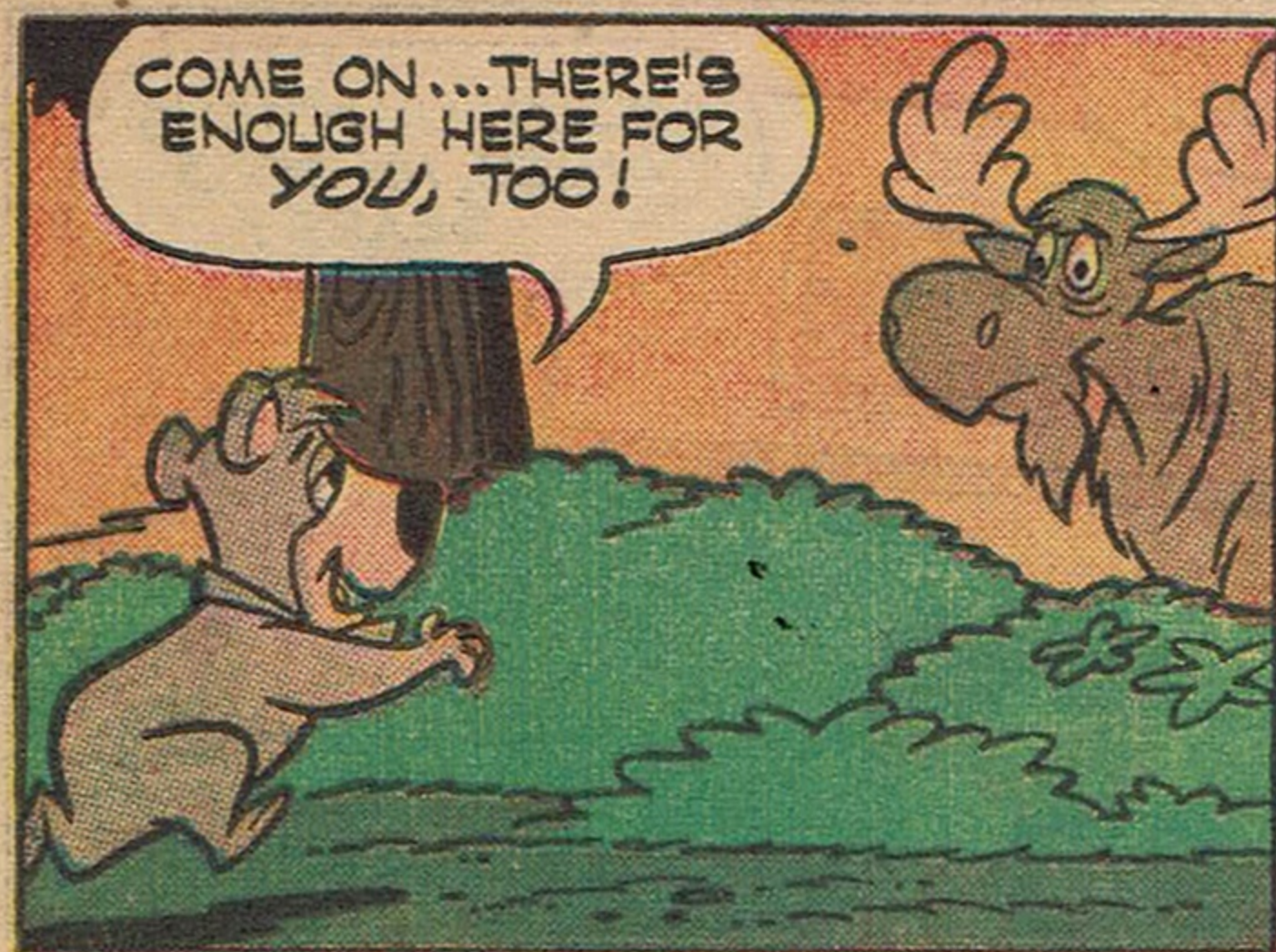
OUR FRIENDS SPEND A FITFUL NIGHT...
PACKED WITH GRADE-B TYPE DREAMS...



BUT IN DAWN'S CHEERY LIGHT...







CONTINUED...

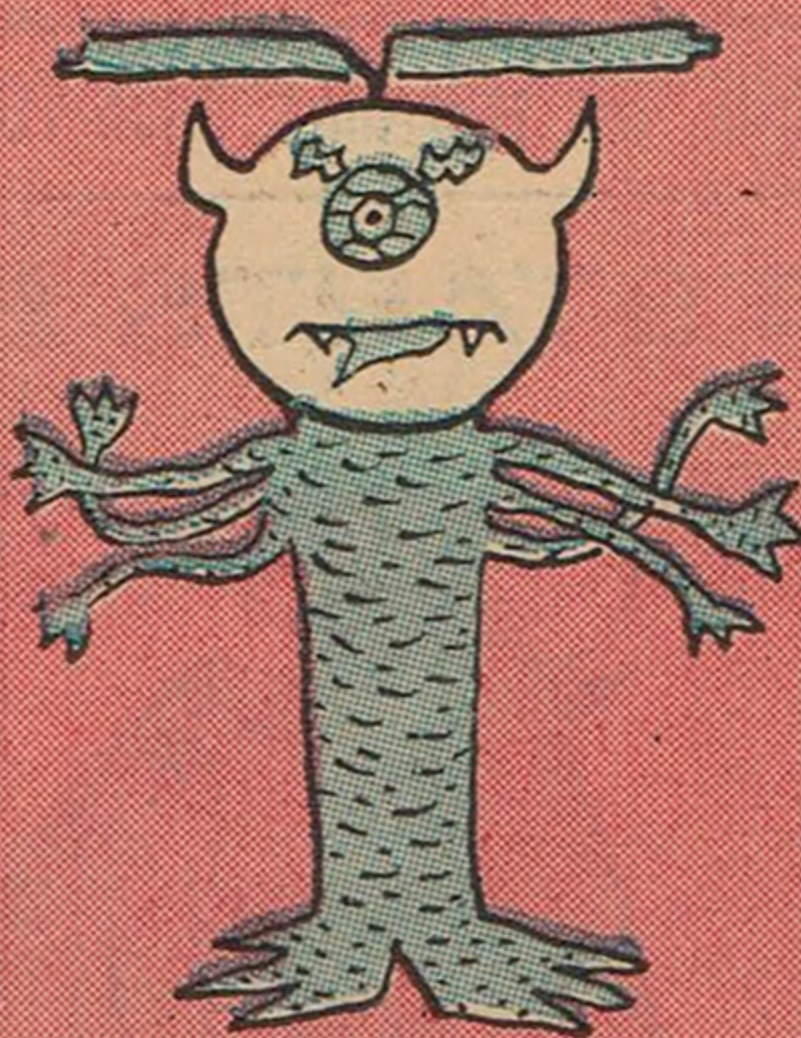


Reader's Page

Our readers (that's you) are proving every day what talented artists they are. Here's a pageful of drawings you sent. Keep them coming! For best reproduction, draw in black ink on white paper. Mail to the address below.

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ELECTRIC SPACE MONSTER



Causes lightning on planets.

Don and Tom Garrett
Medford, Oregon

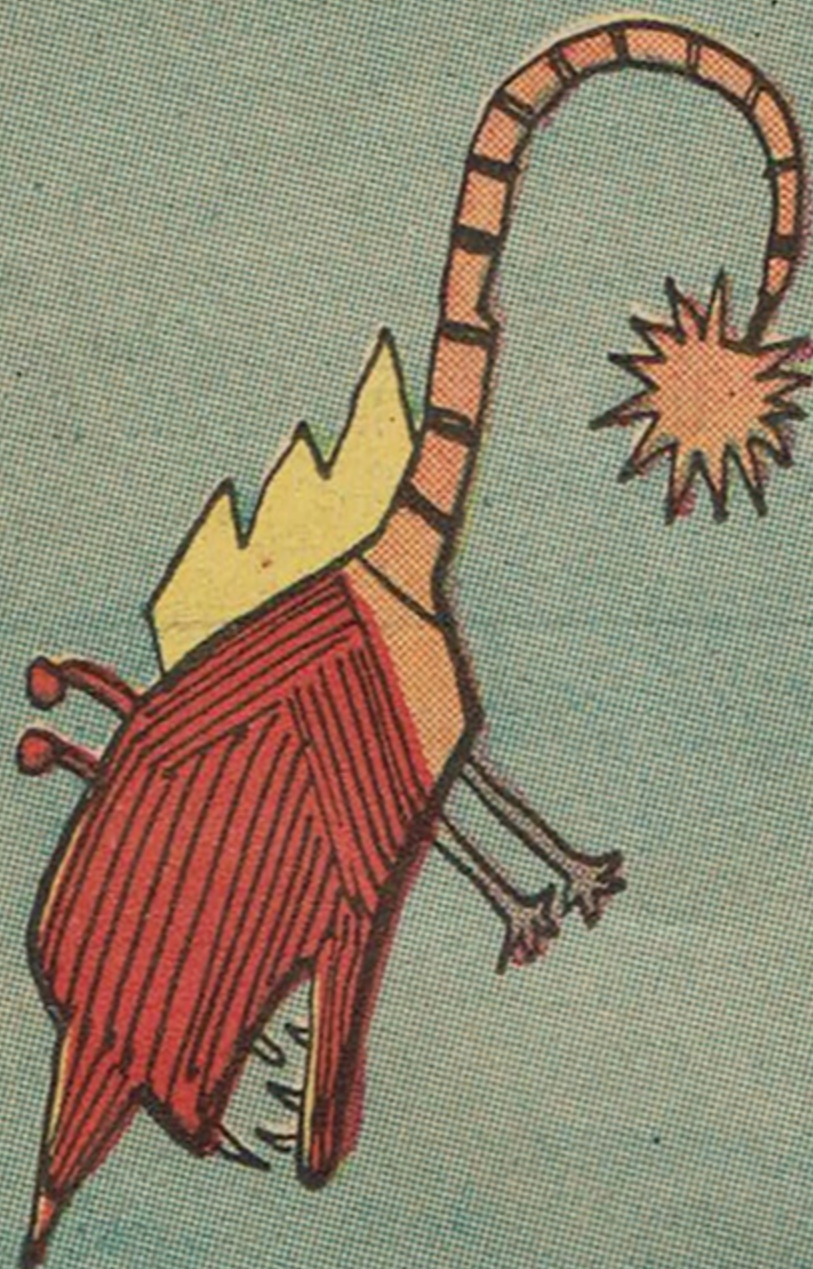
STAMPER BEAST



Crushes buildings and cars with its spiked feet.

Shirley Wheeler
Osage, Wyoming

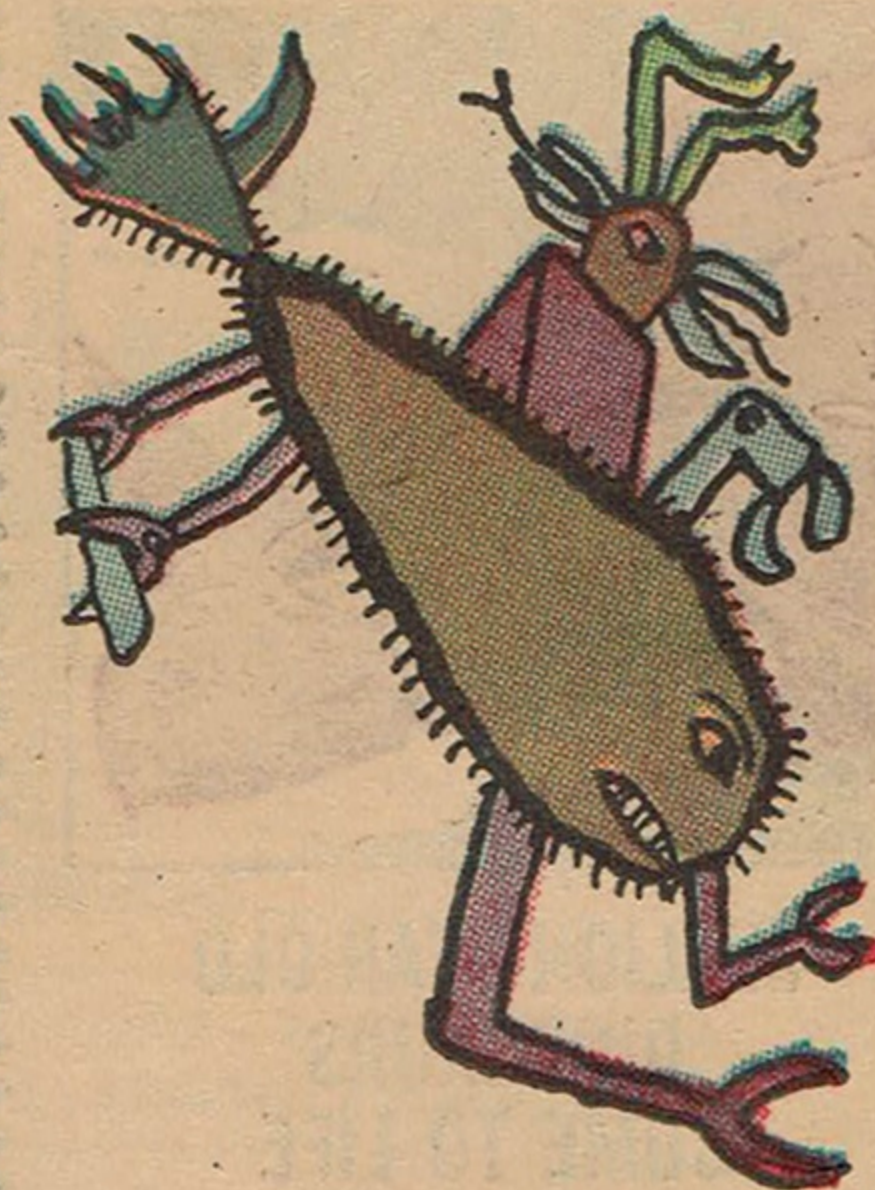
THE PEROSAURUS



Powerful as a herd of elephants. Tail knocks down buildings.

Gregory James
Quebec City, Canada

SEA DEVIL



Catches ships and uses pieces on itself.

Stephen Rode
St. Louis, Missouri

WEAPON THING



Shoots gas from nose, attacks beasts with horns.

Glenn Merritt
Commack, New York

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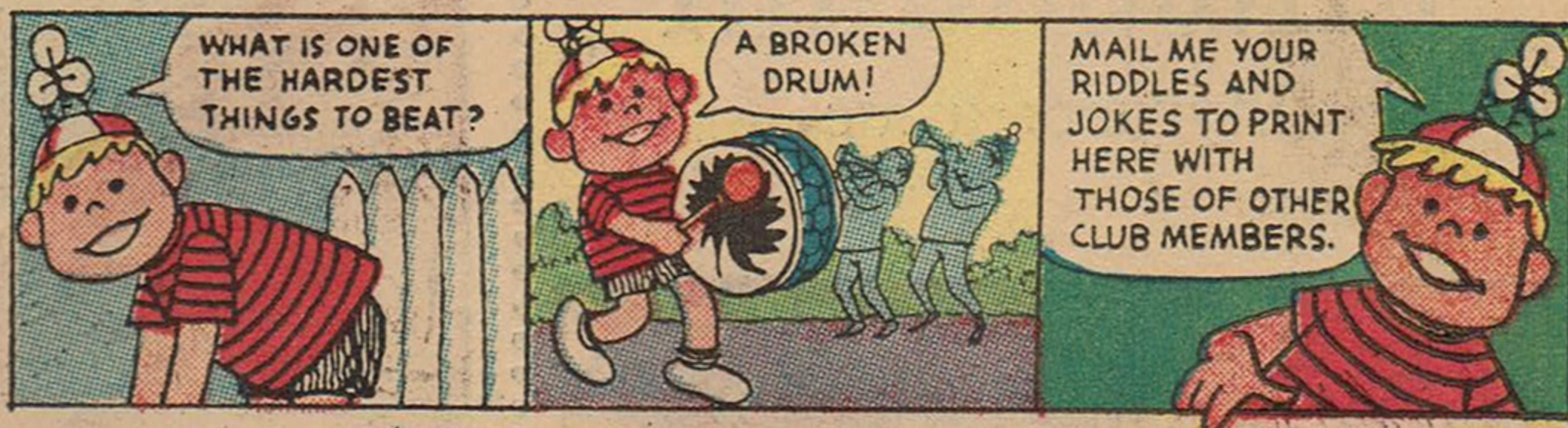
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GOLD KEY KID

THE JOKE'S ON YOU



Mom: Who was that on the phone, Fred?

Fred: Some lady said, "It's a long distance from London," and I said, "It sure is!"

Betty Dairs, Charlotte, North Carolina

Riddle: What is the coldest row in the theater?

Answer: Z-Row.

Andy Sydney, Van Nuys, California

Teacher: Kathy, why are you late coming to school?

Kathy: Because there was a sign that said, "School — Go Slow," so I did.

Diana Johnson, Los Angeles, California

Scoutmaster (watching a tenderfoot trying to cook outdoors): How are you managing, lad? Is there anything you forgot to bring?

Tenderfoot: Yes, my mother.

Pamela C. Wilkinson, Paramount, California

Riddle: What comes all the way to the door but never gets in?

Answer: The doorsteps.

Paul Marrell, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, Canada

Riddle: What should a man know before trying to teach tricks to a dog?

Answer: More than the dog.

Debbie Wright, St. Paul, Minnesota

Bob: Why do cows wear bells?

Joe: Because their horns won't blow.

Ricky Shelton, Morgan City, Louisiana

Terry: Why did your Mom knit three socks for your brother in the service?

Larry: Because he wrote her he'd grown another foot.

Steve Wilson, Keyser, West Virginia

Riddle: What did the bald man say when he received a comb for a present?

Answer: I'll never part with it.

Debra Delorme, Copper Cliff, Ontario, Canada

Bobby: Would you scold anybody for something he didn't do?

Teacher: Of course not.

Bobby: Well, I didn't do my homework.

Denise Schmeltzer, Victoria, Texas

Bob (while Mother is doing the dishes): Will you play stick-'em-up?

Mother: Certainly. One step closer and you'll be stuck with the dishes!

Cheryl Stadig, Harmony, Maine

Riddle: What kind of clothing lasts longer than any other?

Answer: Underwear, for it's never worn out.

Bobby Lapsley, McKeesport, Pennsylvania

Jim: Can you stand on your head?

Tim: No, it's too high.

Delbert Stone, Tucker, Georgia

Bill: What would you call a tailor if you didn't know his name?

Jill: Mr. So-and-So, of course!

Terry Duncan, Annapolis, Maryland

Riddle: What's an unemployed jester?

Answer: Nobody's fool.

Andrew Millis, Port Washington, New York

Teacher: What is the last thing you take off when you go to bed?

Tot: My feet — off the floor.

David Easley, Clifton Heights, Pennsylvania

Riddle: What would you call a sleeping bull?

Answer: A bulldozer.

Jacqueline Eckes, Floral Park, New York

Riddle: Why should secrets not be told in gardens?

Answer: Because the beans talk (beanstalk) there.

Teresa Hom, Houston, Texas

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DINOSAURIA

Styracosaurus



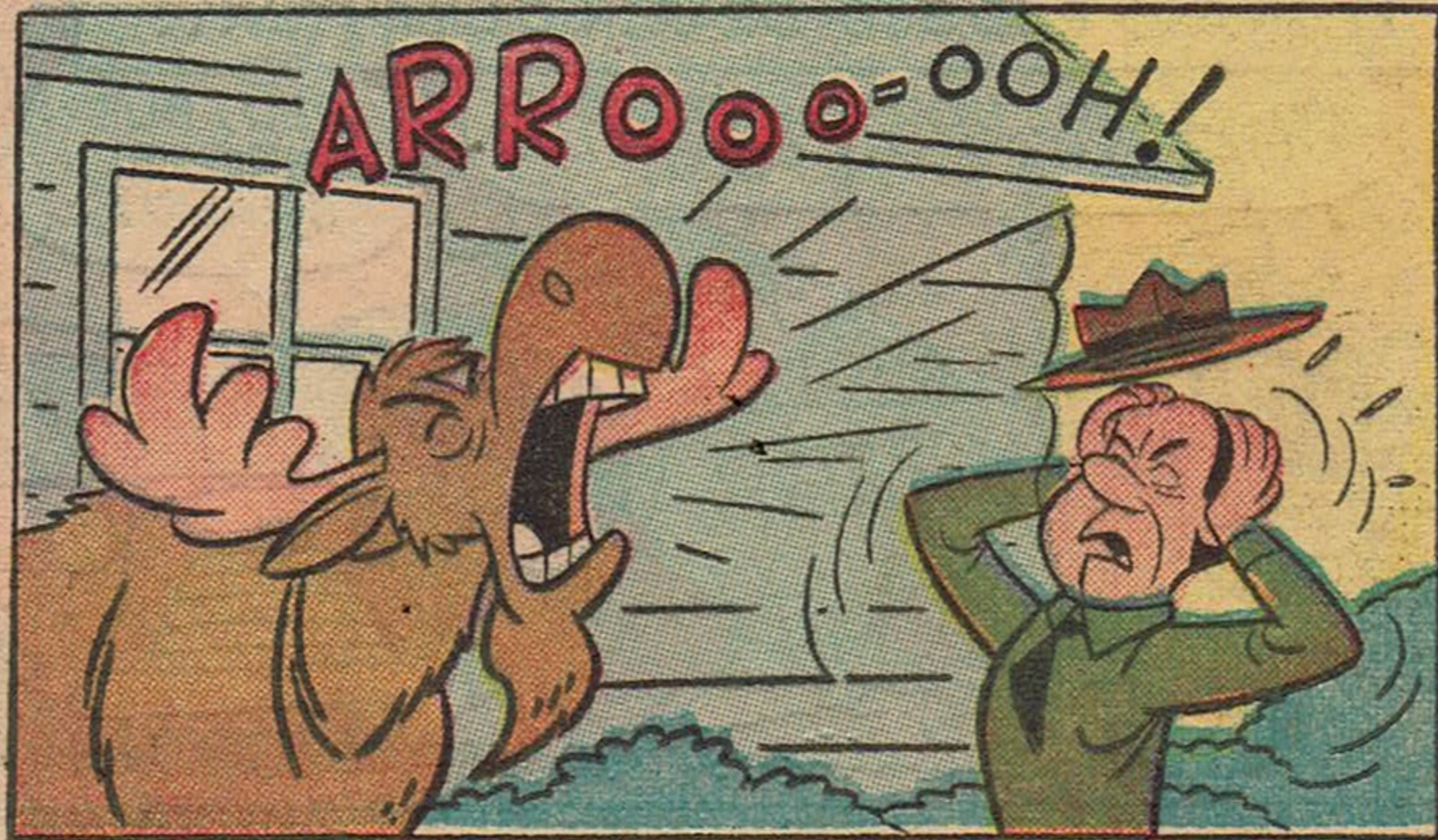
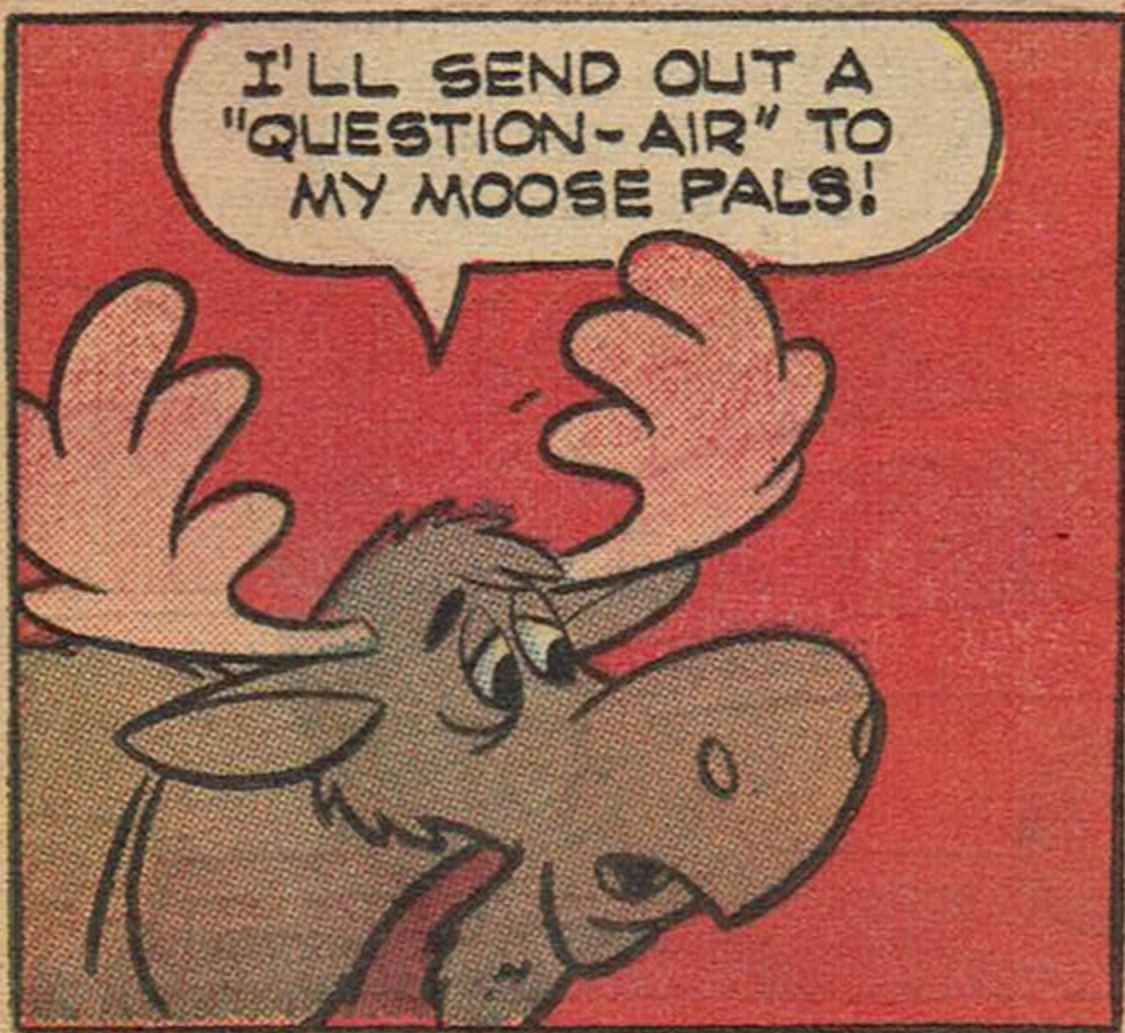
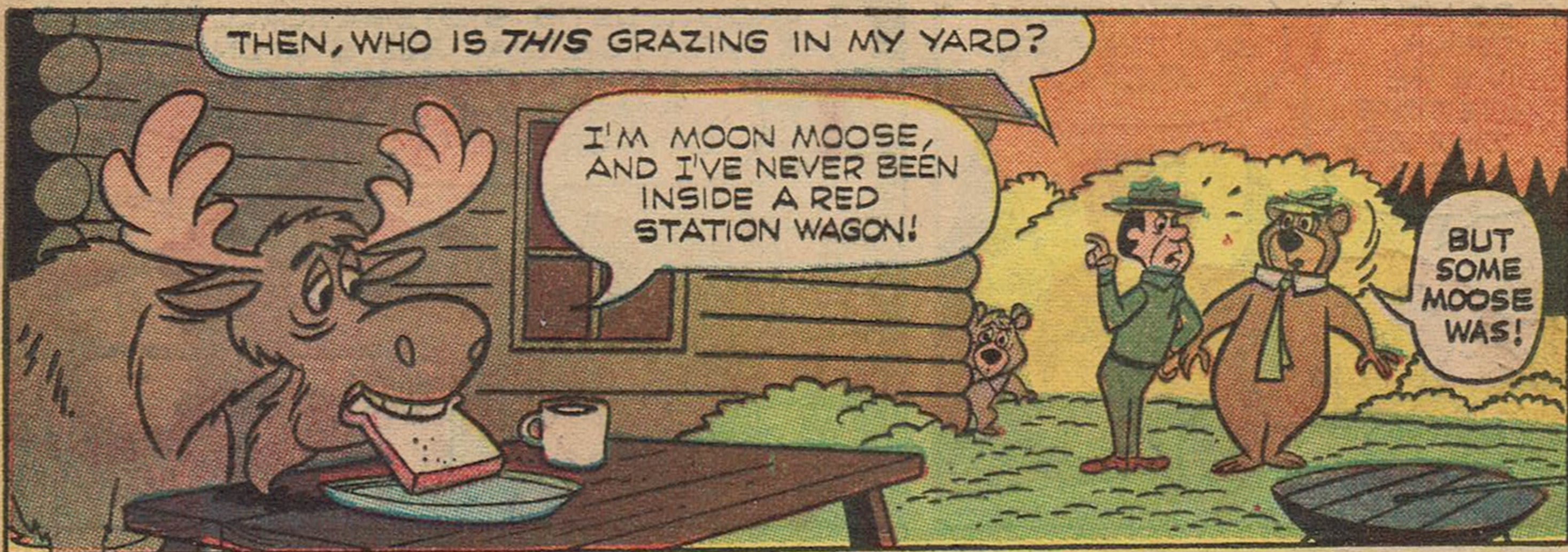
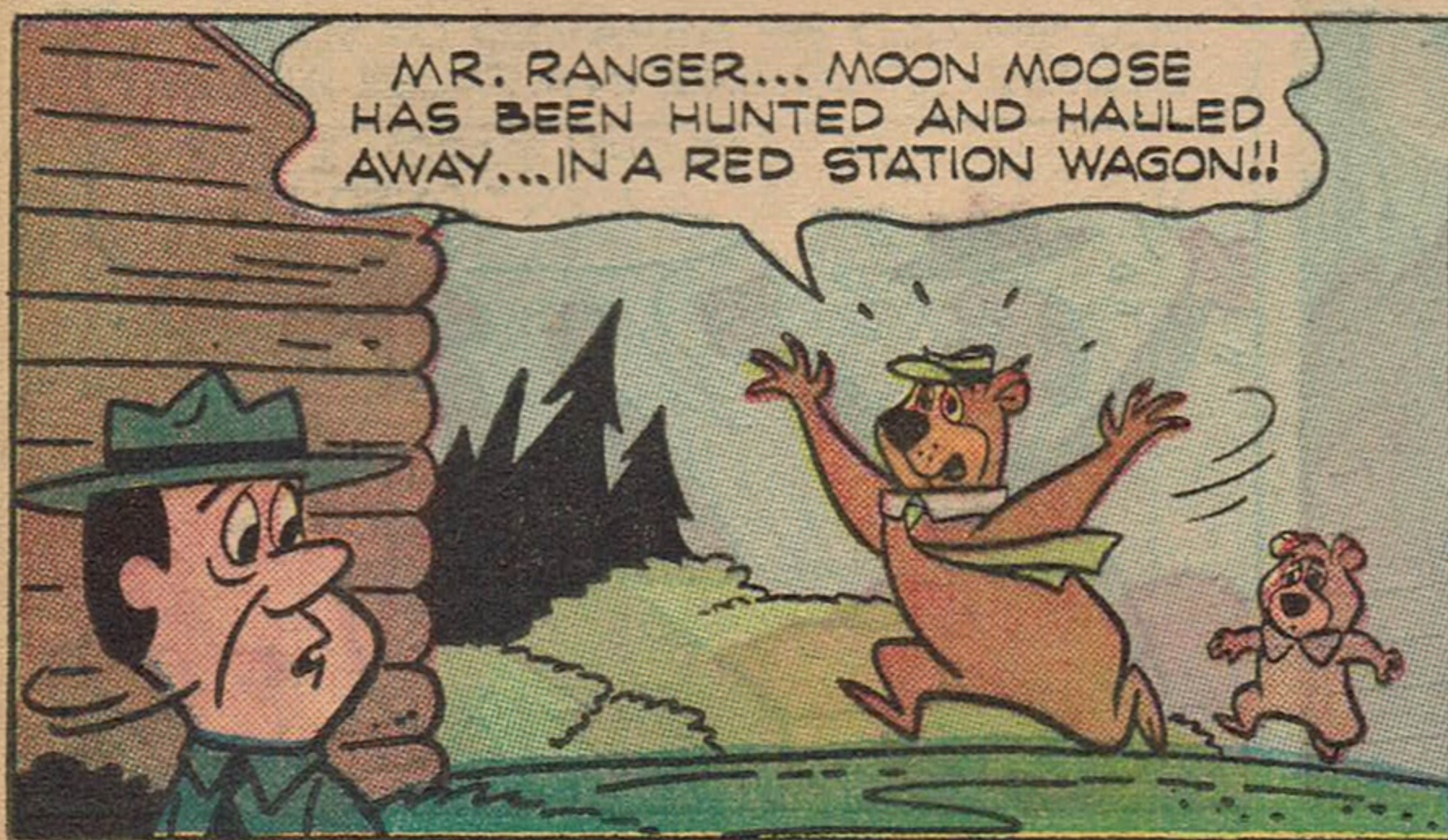
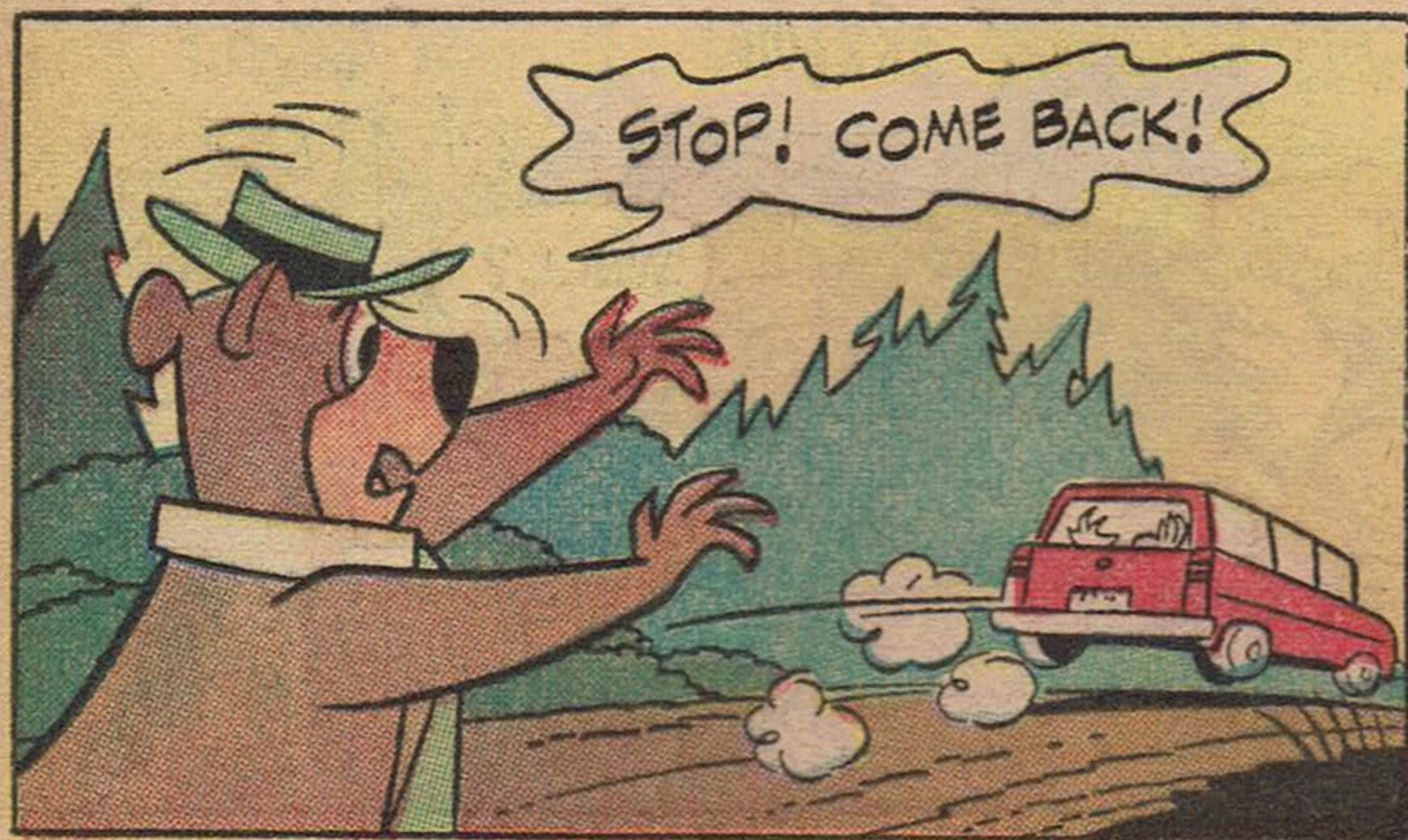
With seven sharp horns fronting and rimming its head, the styracosaurus was a dangerous dinosaur. Living in the Upper Cretaceous period some seventy million years ago, this nearly twenty-foot-long creature, despite its fierce appearance, was a vegetable-eater. Its teeth sat in rows and worked like scissors, cutting the plant food rather than crushing it. It traveled in large herds along the many swamps of that ancient period and wandered onto the dry, shrub-covered plateaus. Its horns, and head shield or bone "collar," marked it as one of a varied group of horned saurians.

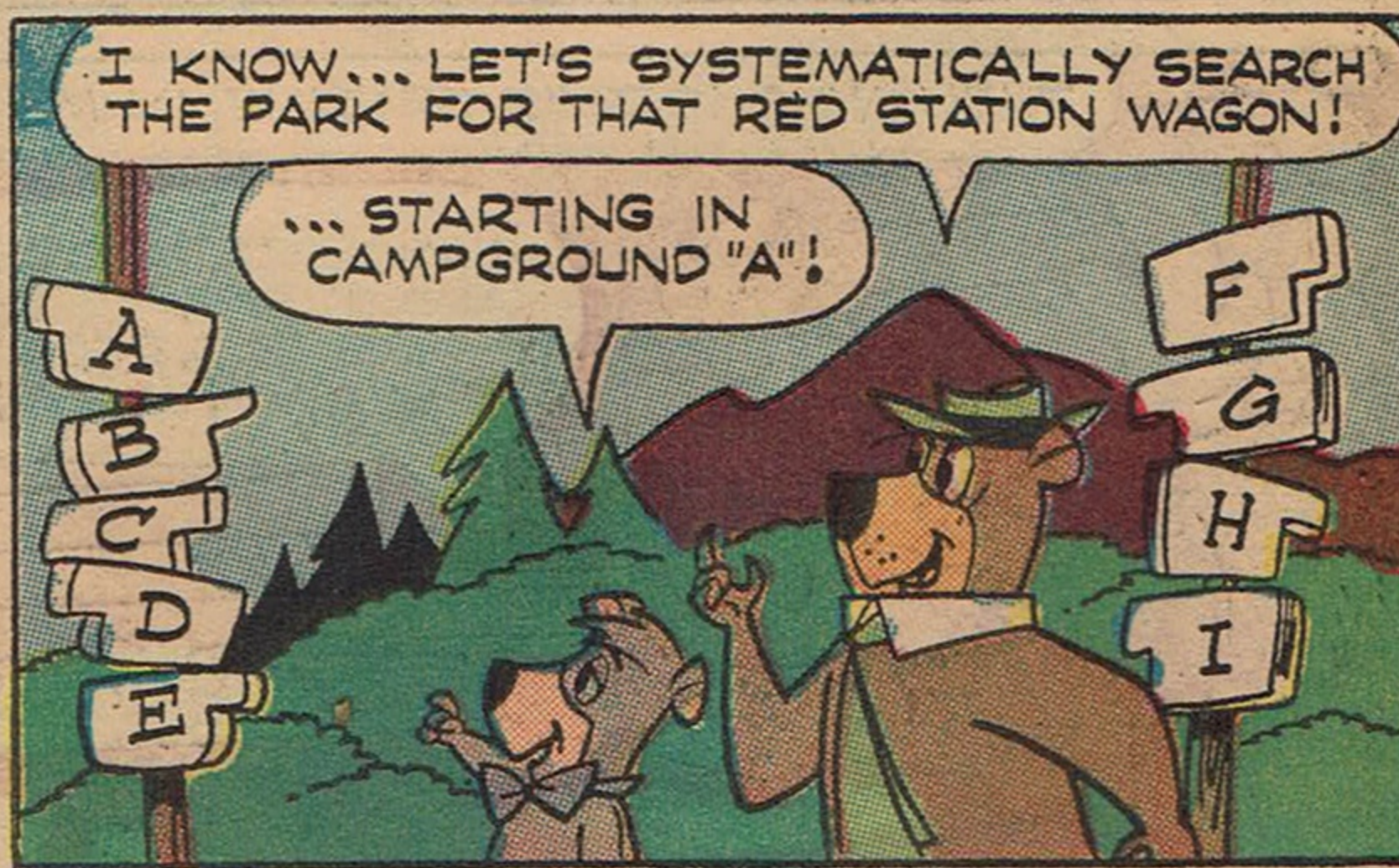
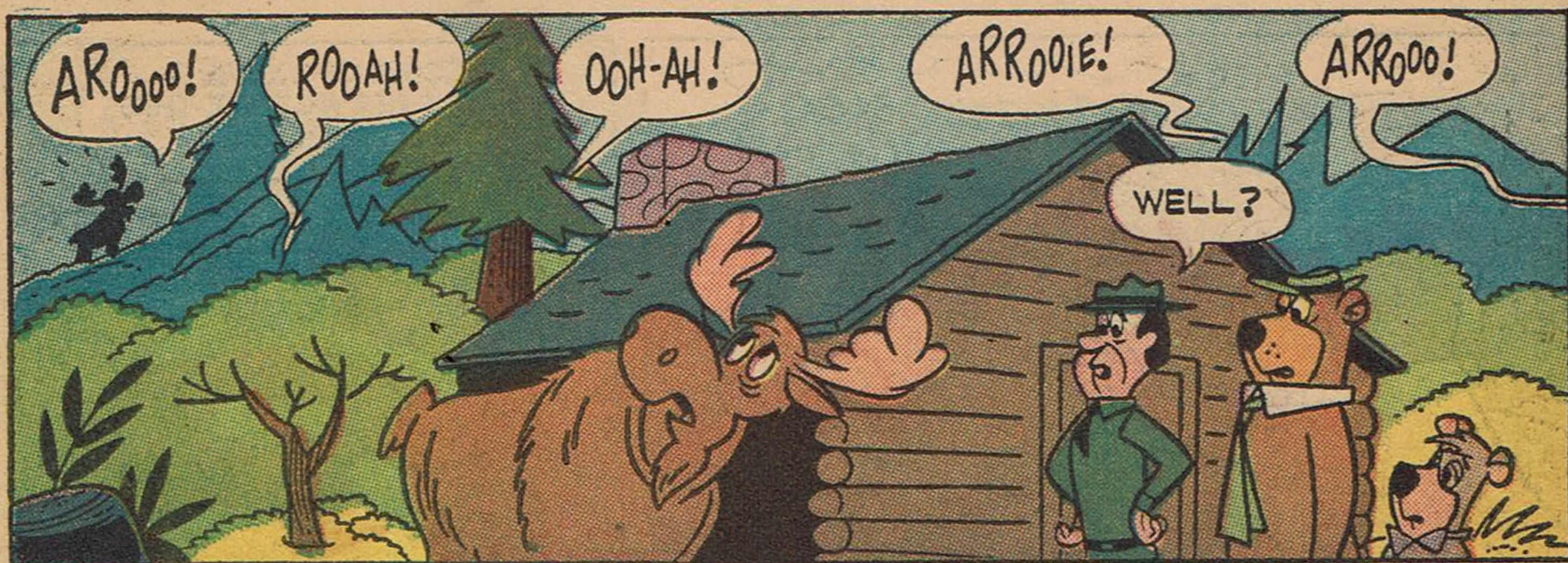


The length from the tip of the styracosaurus's nose to the end of its collar was seven feet. The spike-nasal horn rose almost two feet.



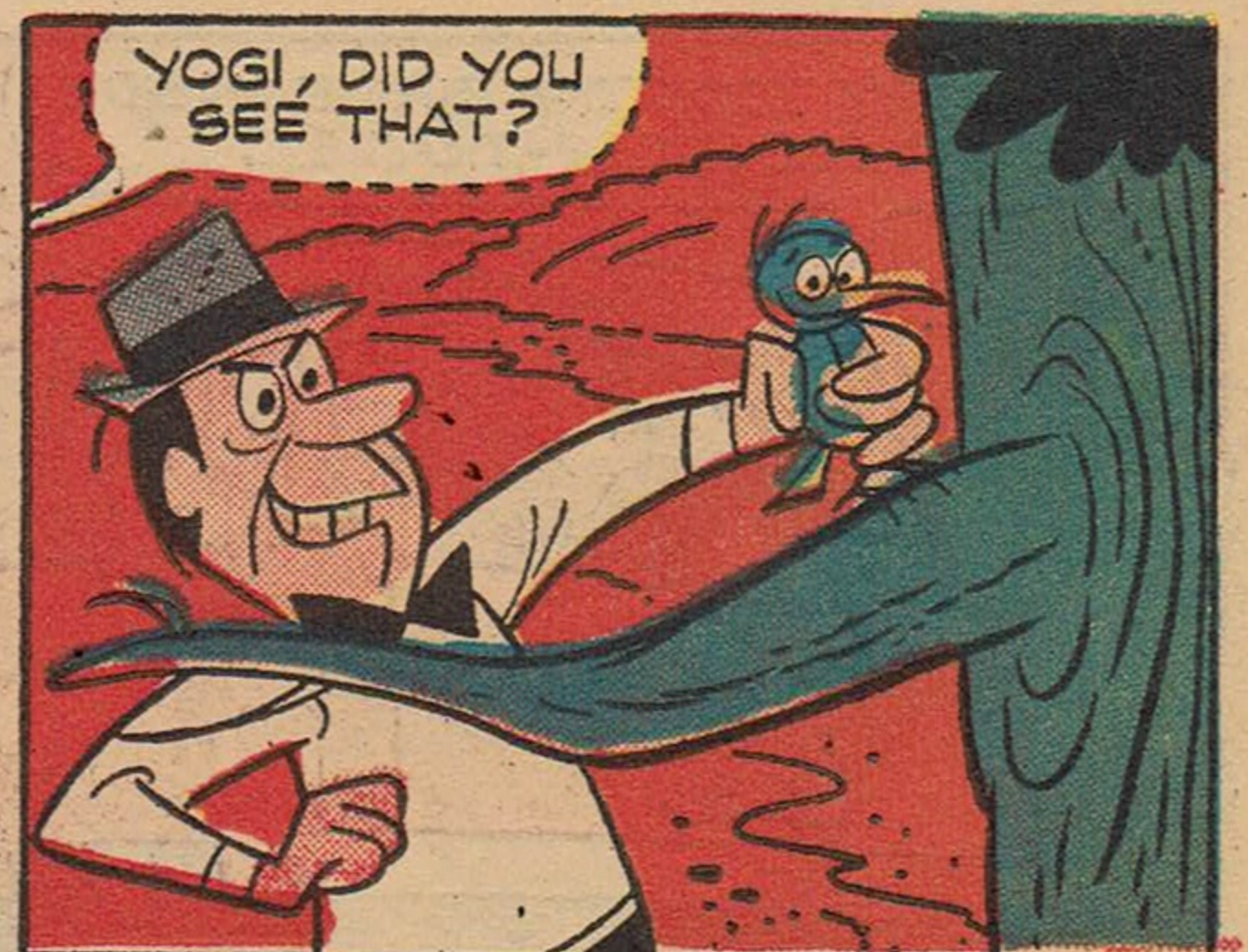
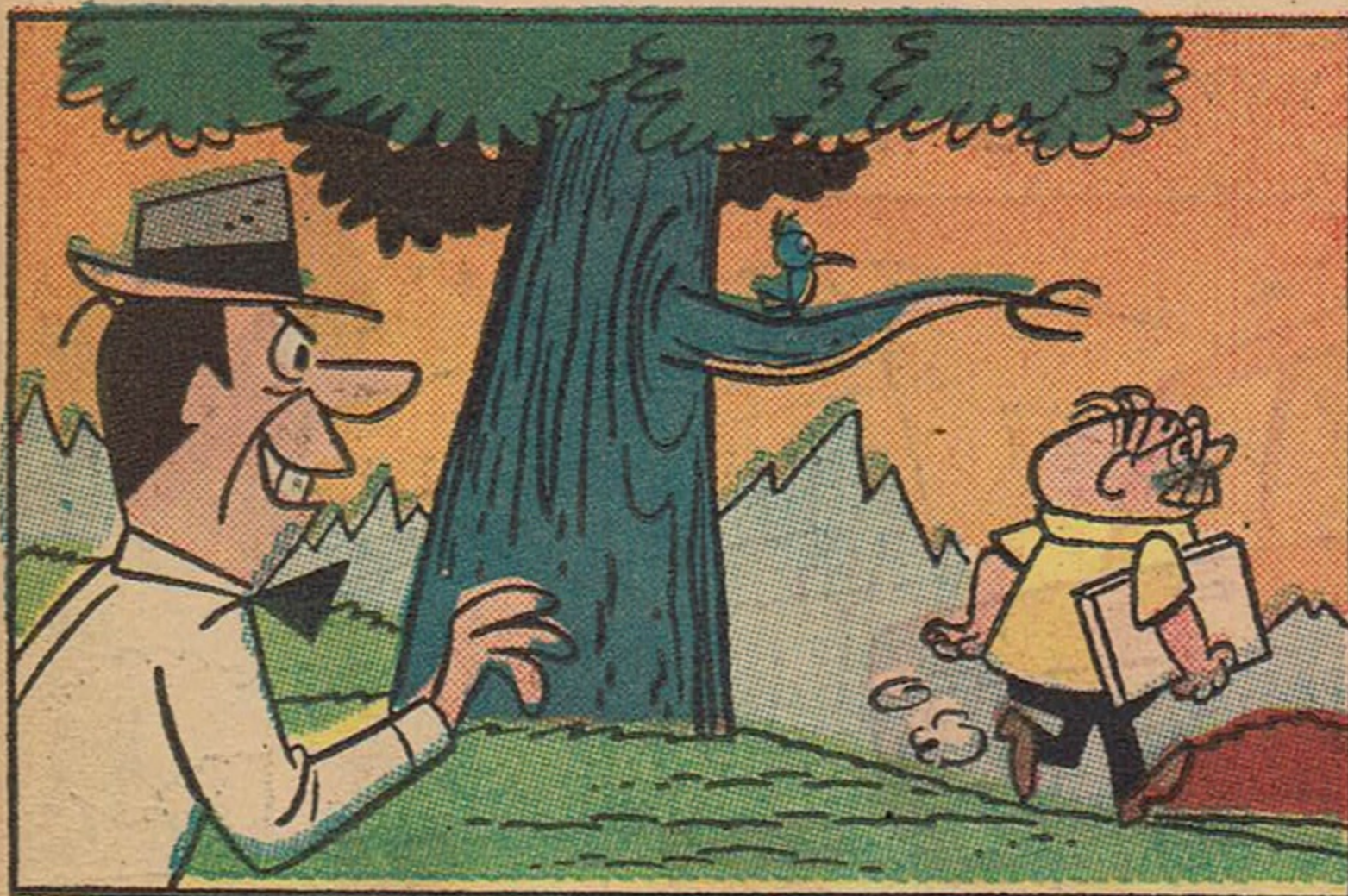
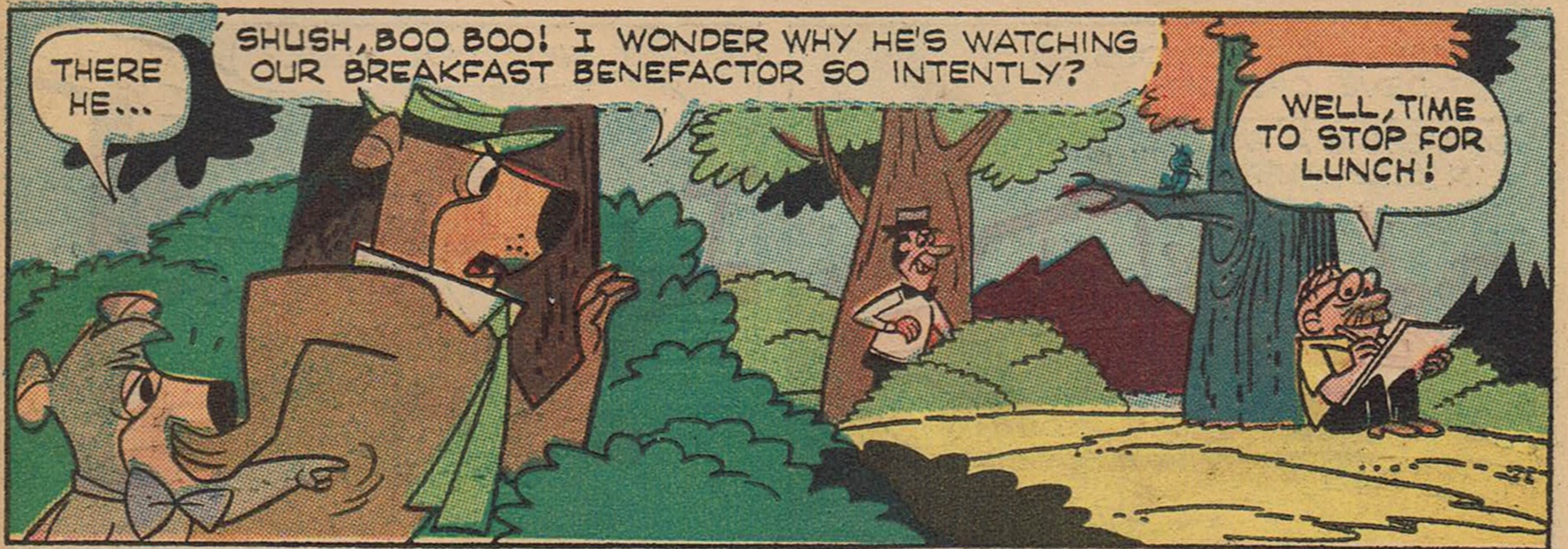
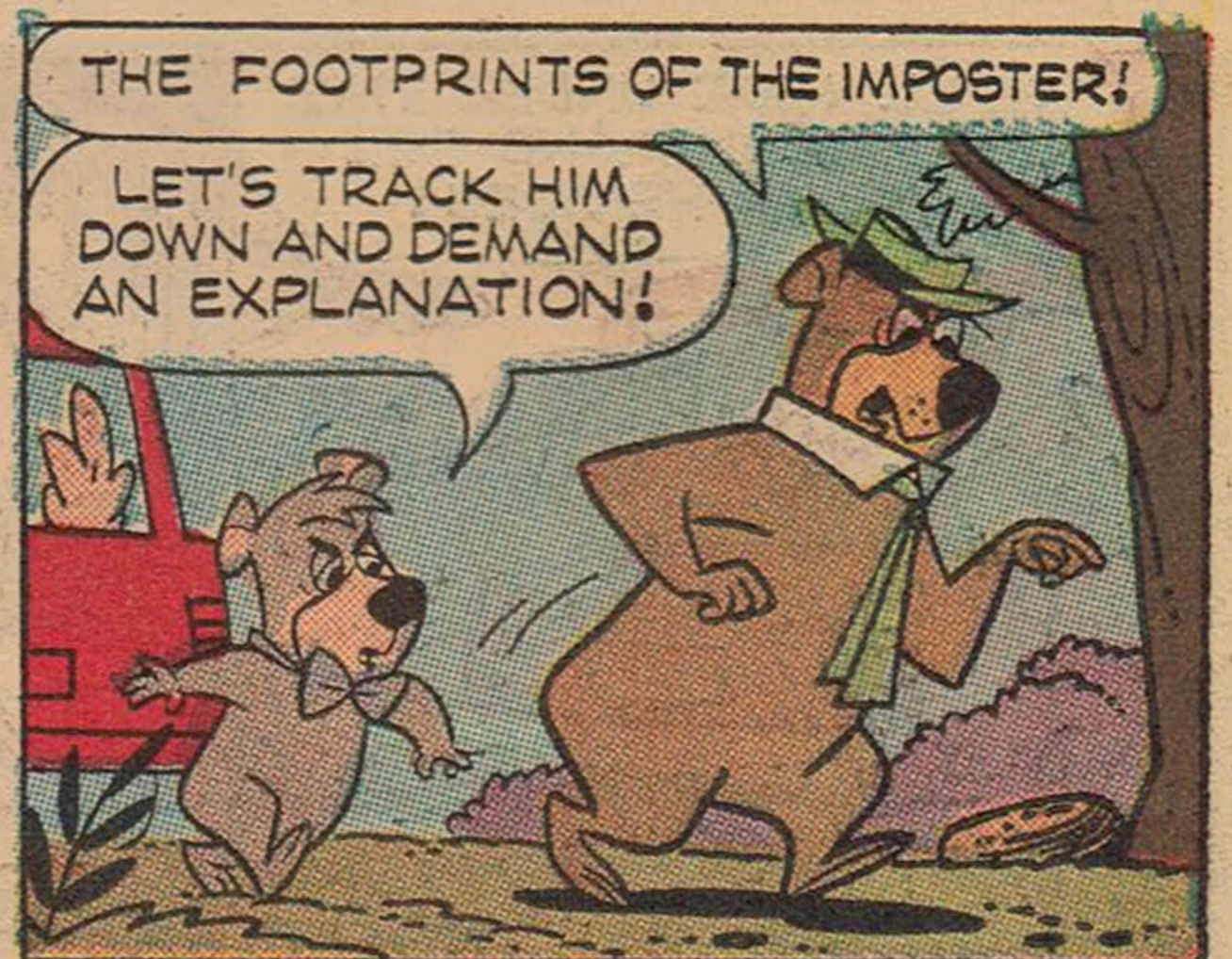
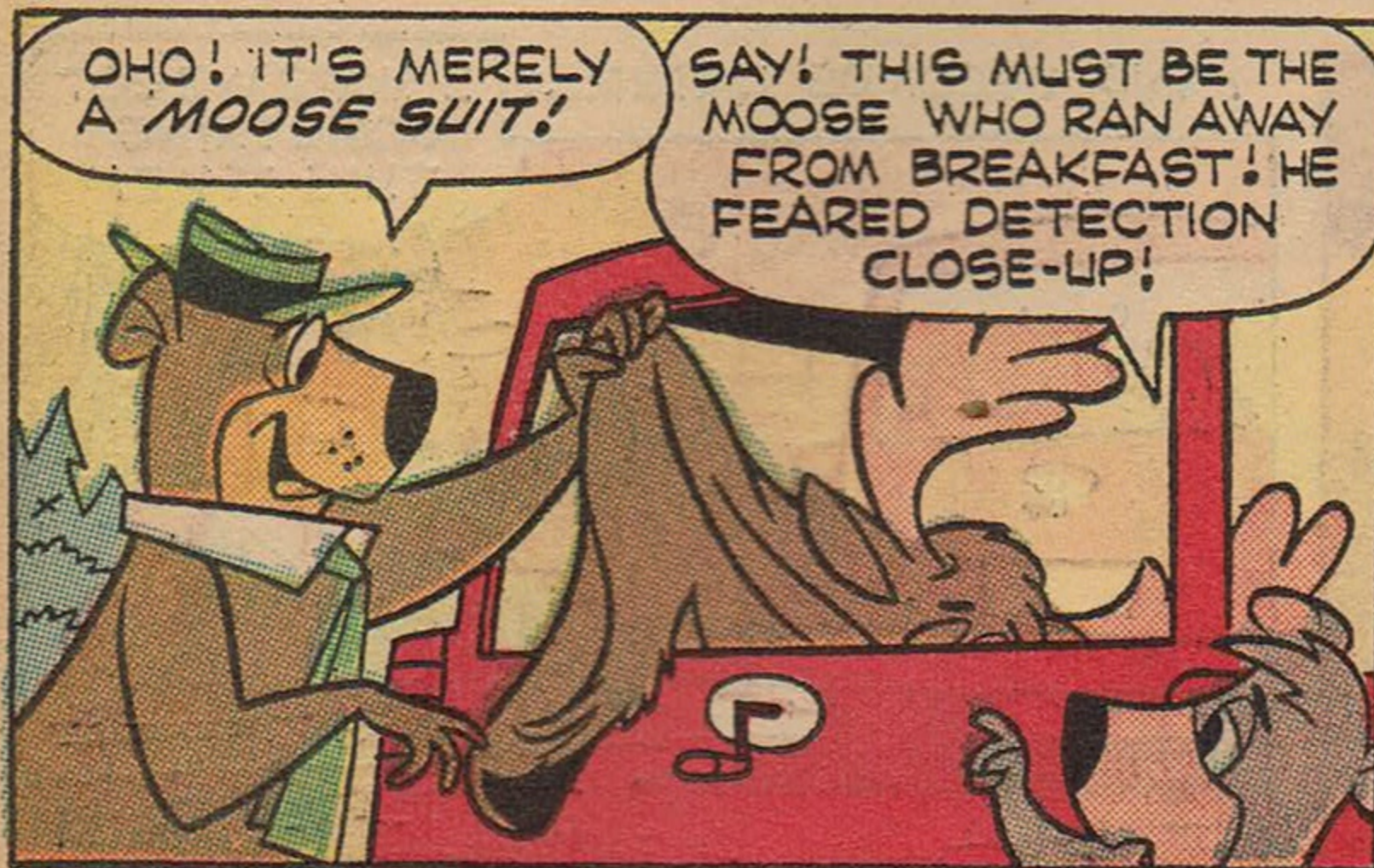
Even the mighty flesh-eaters feared the styracosaurus, for one jab or slash of its horns could tear apart its attacker.

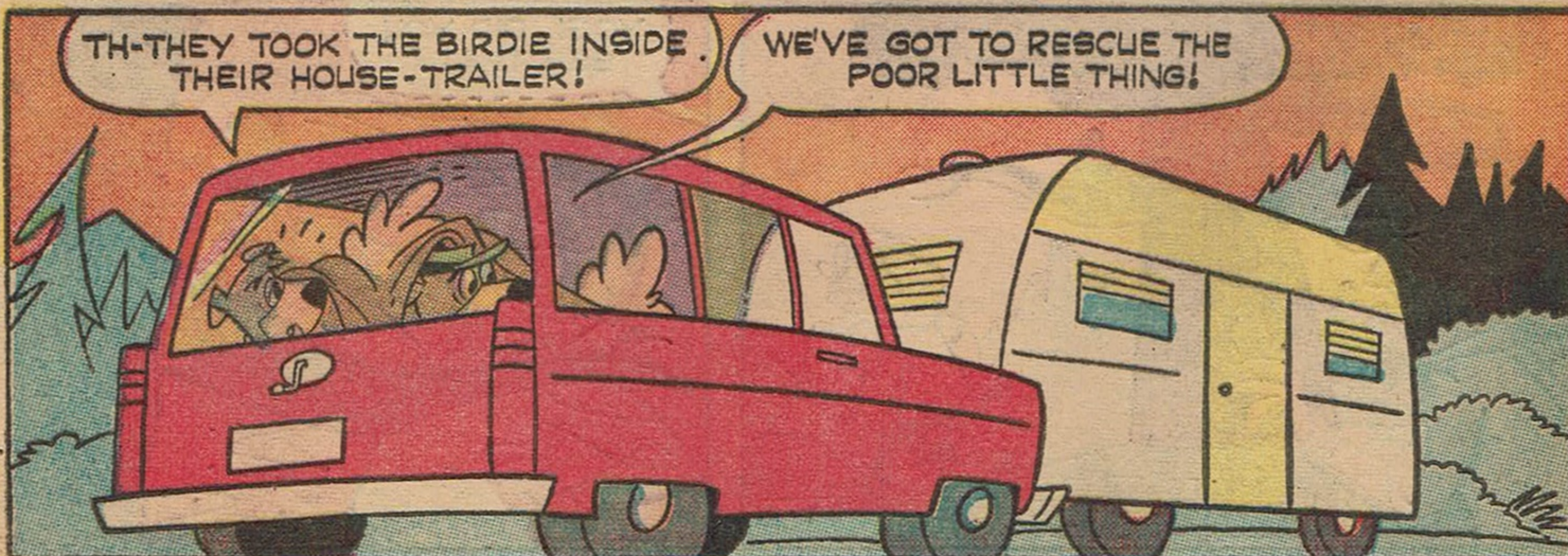
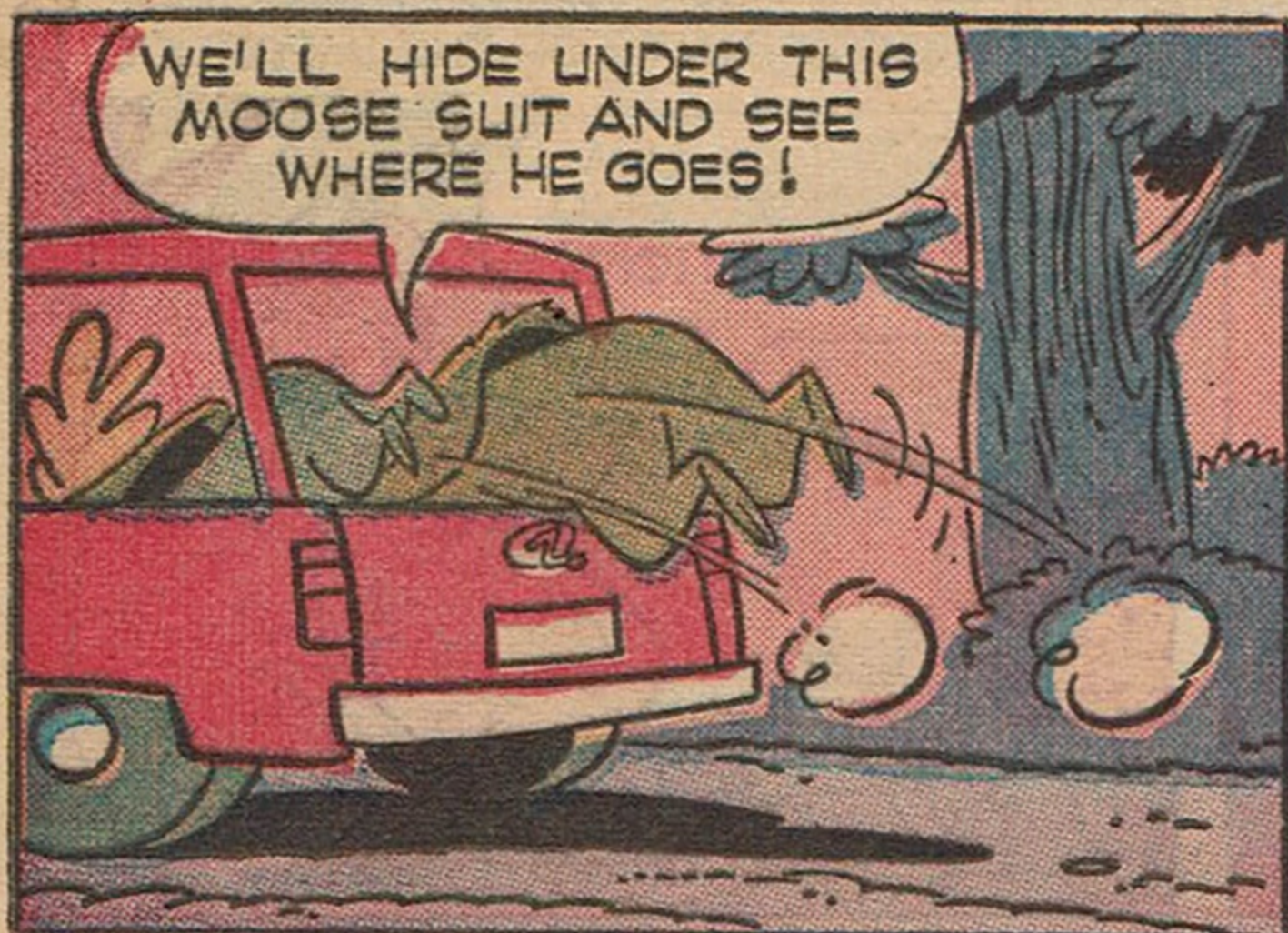


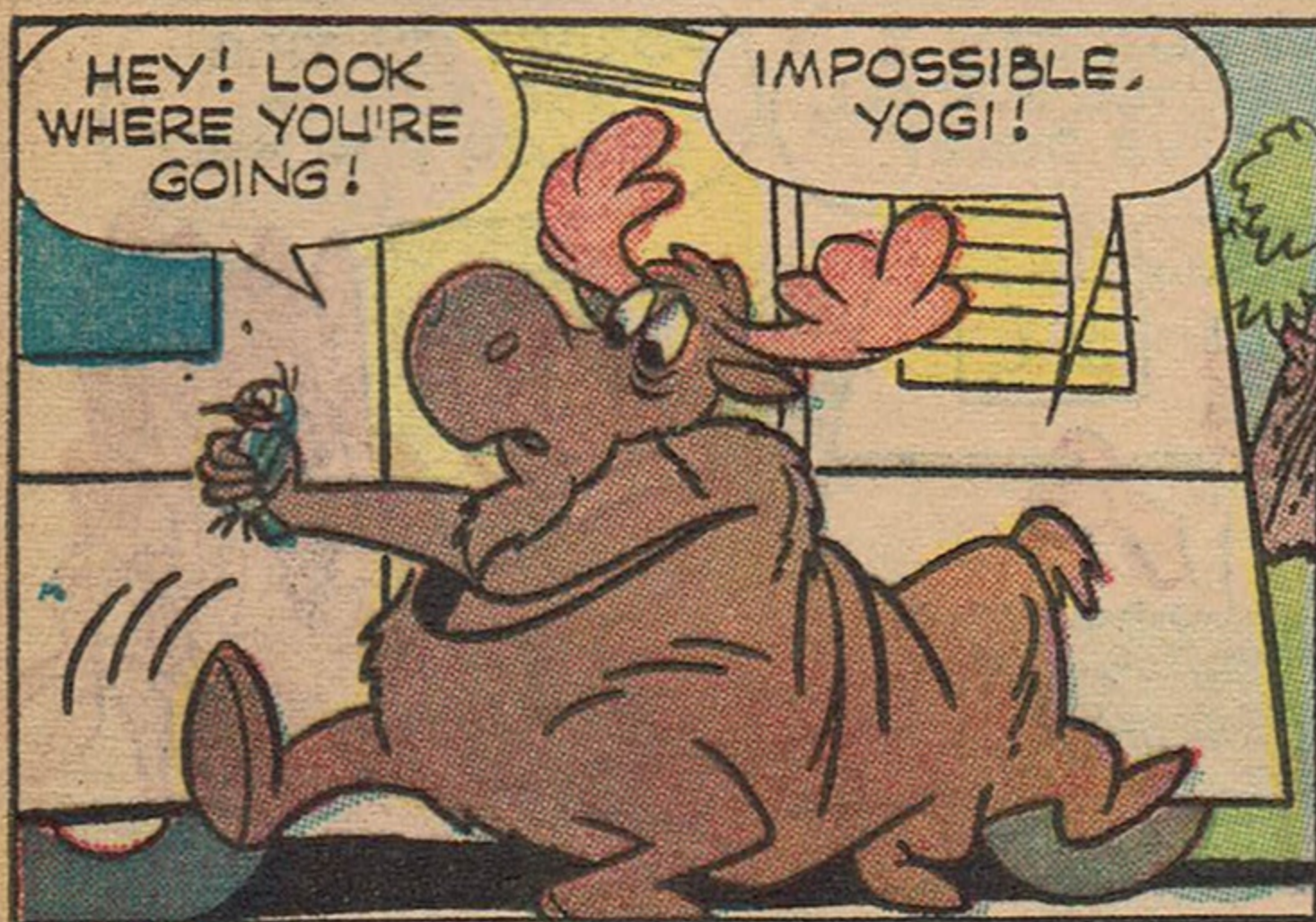
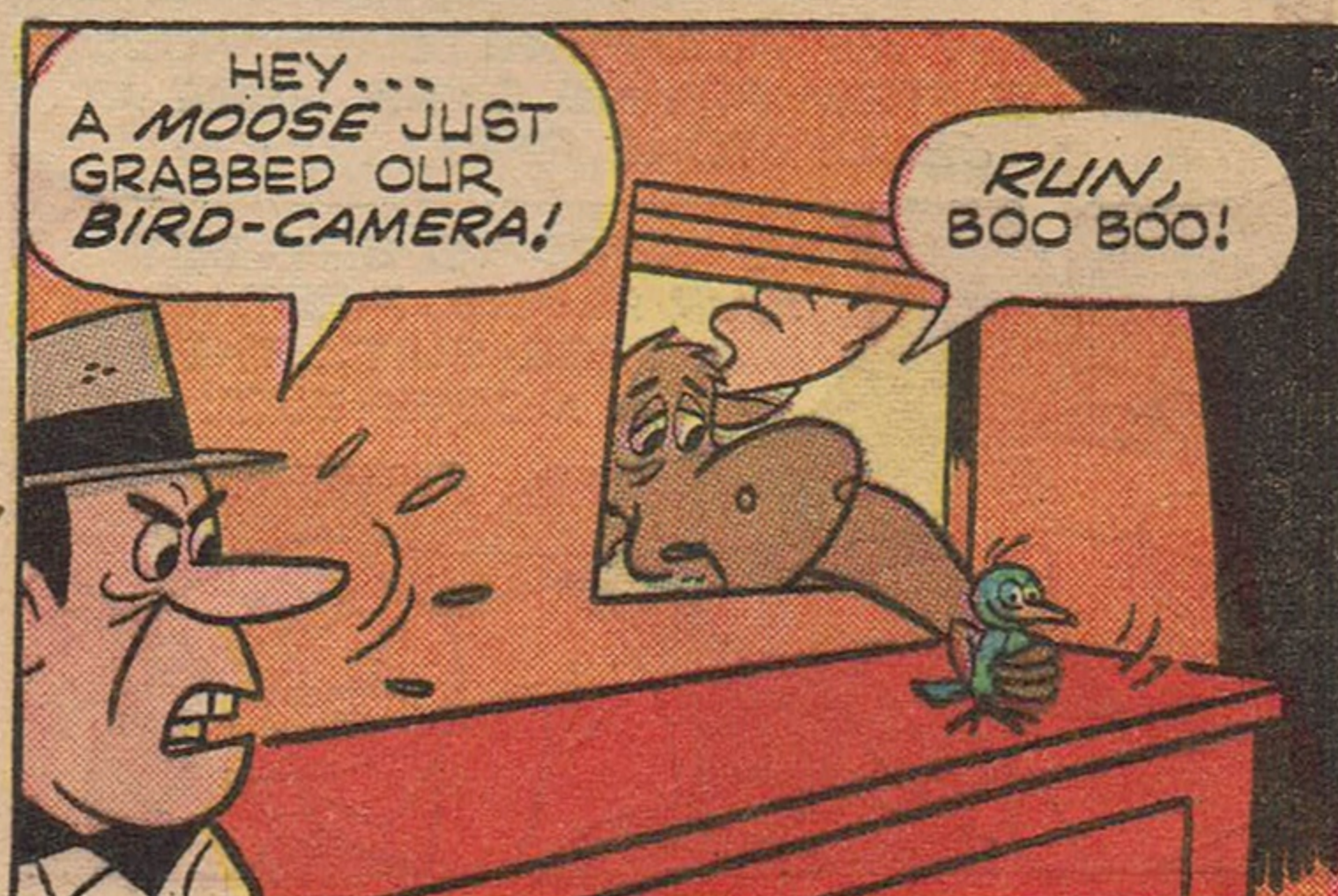
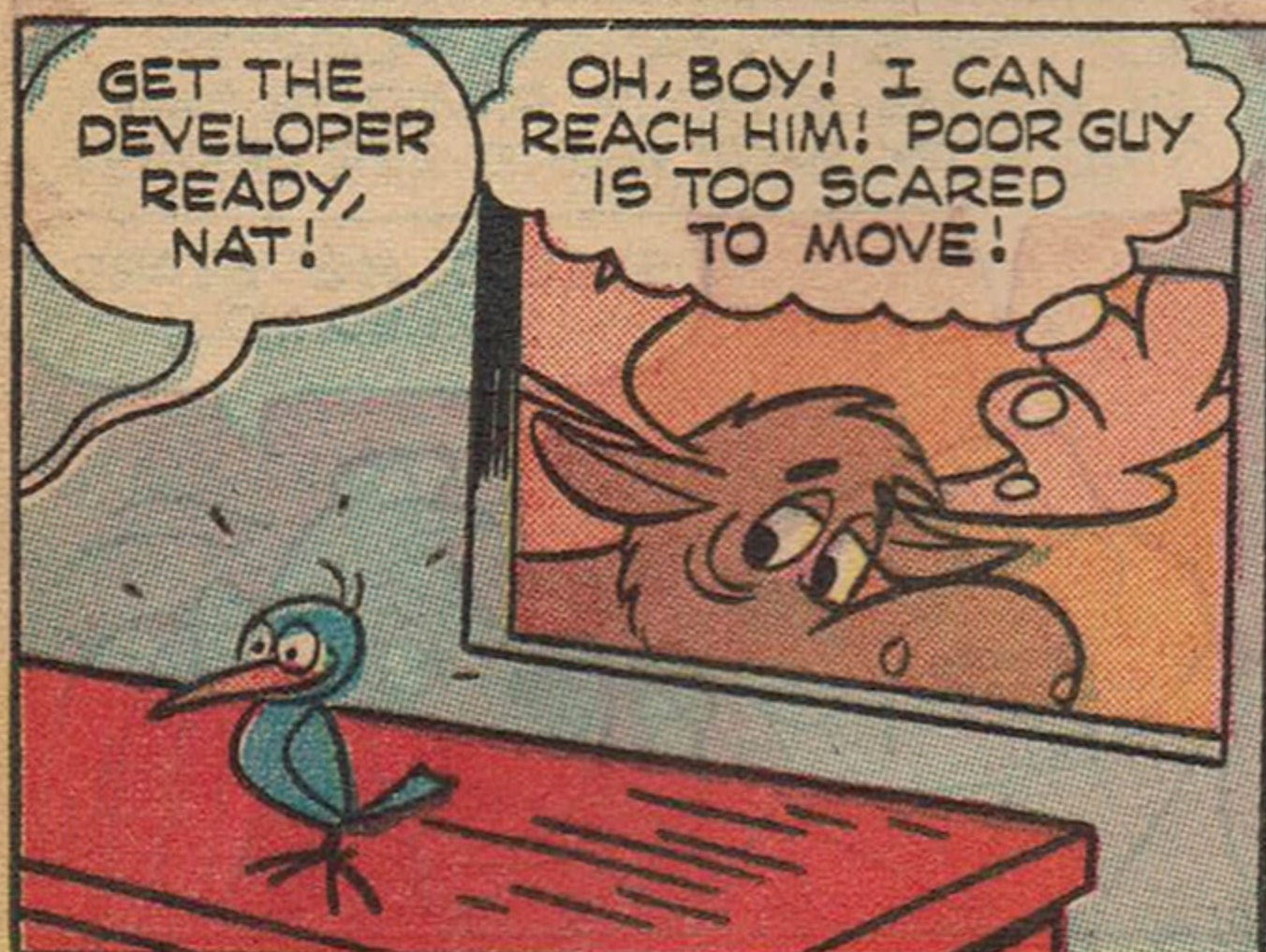
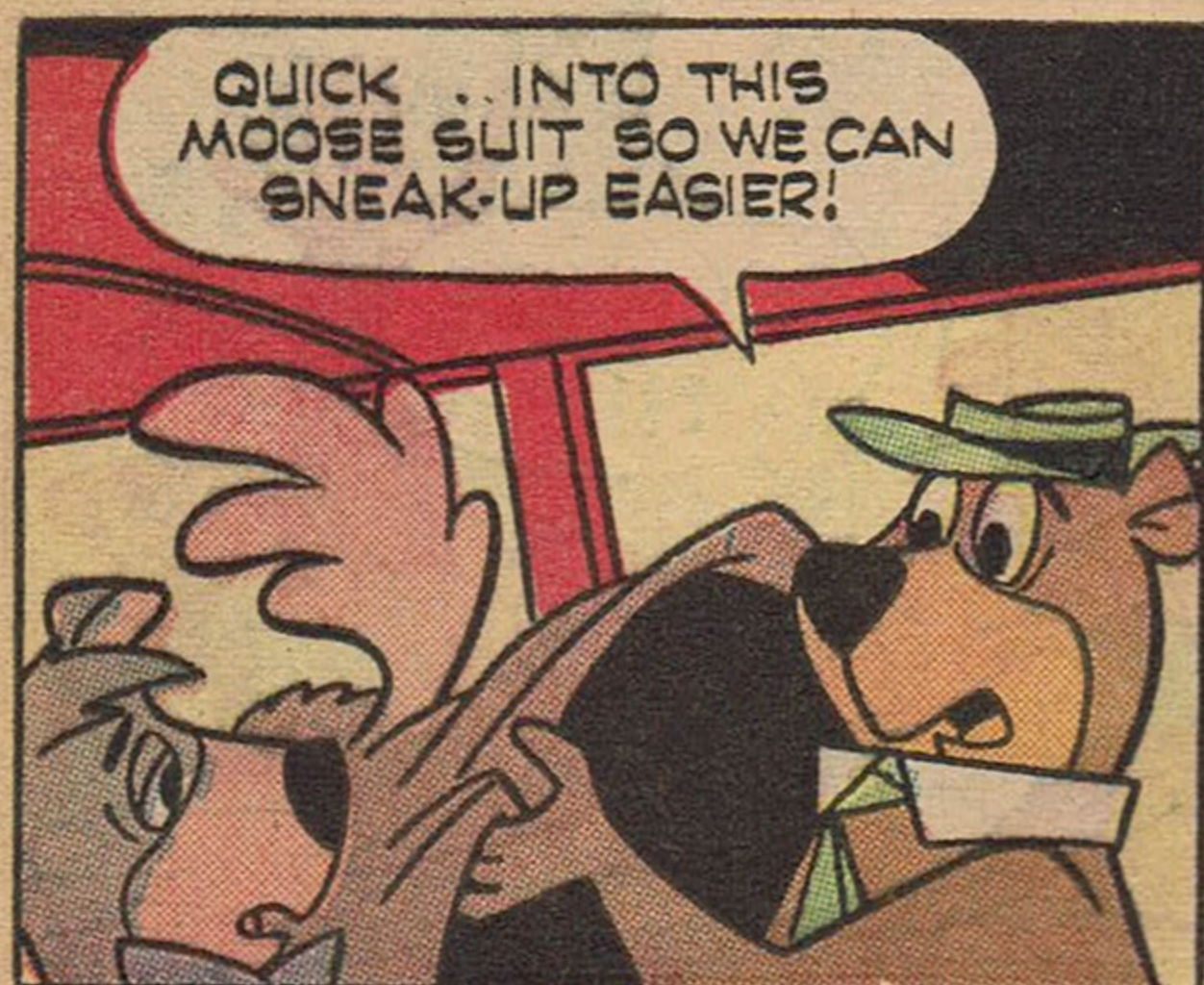


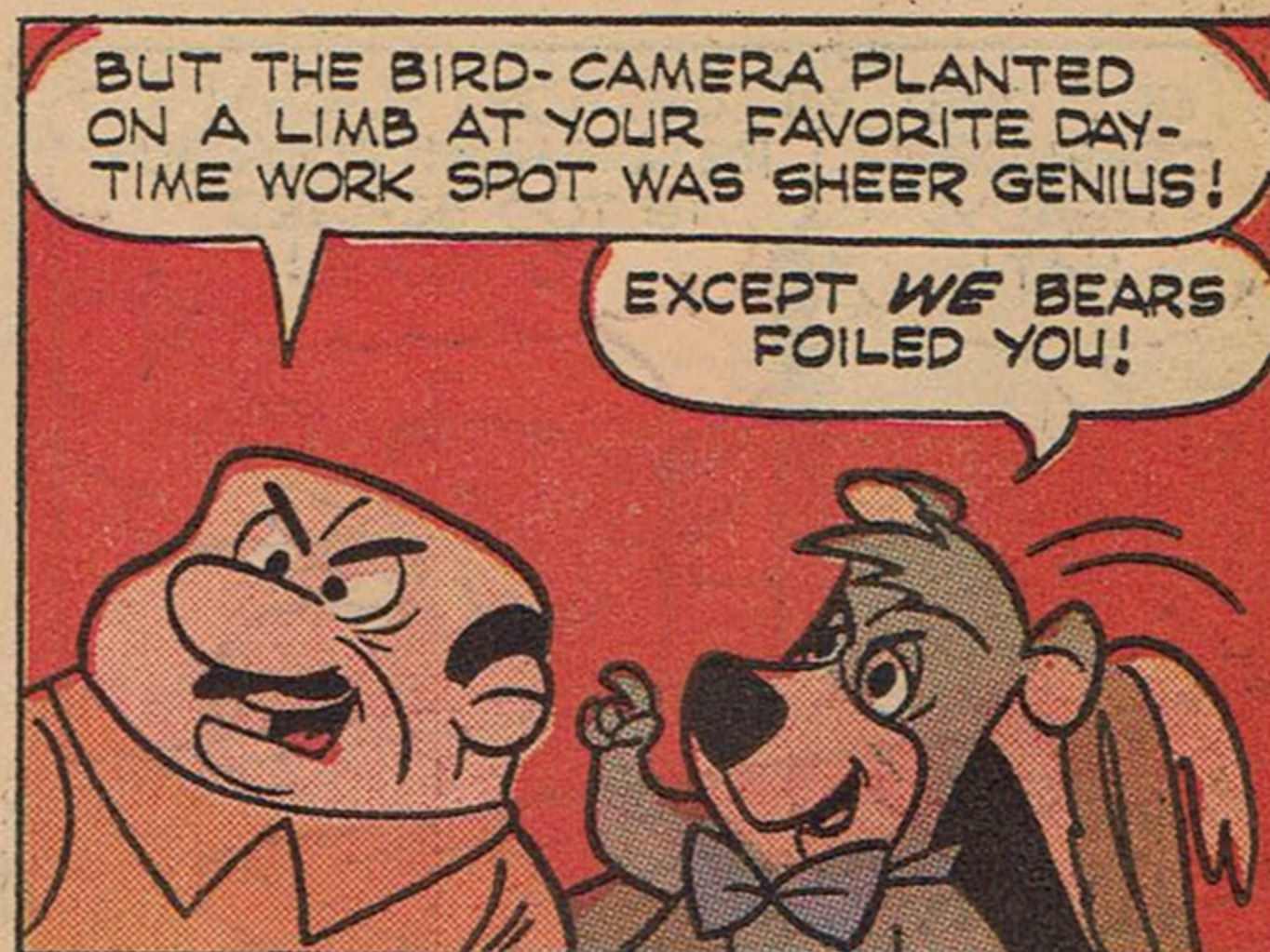
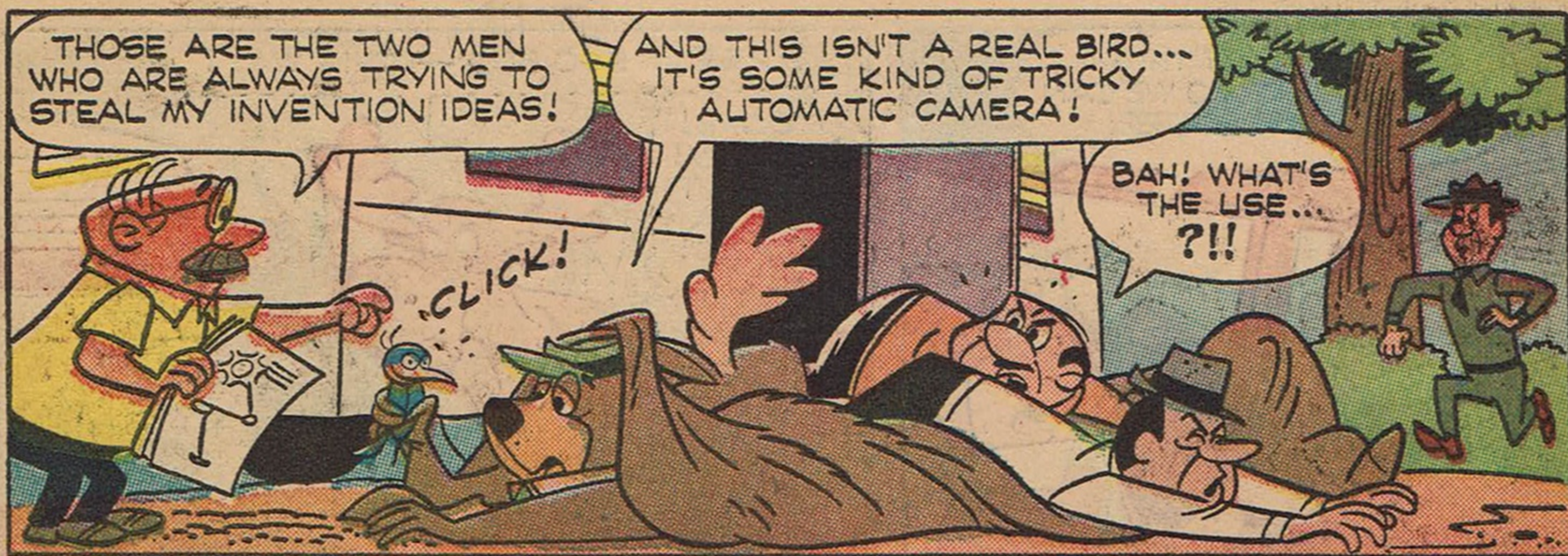
YOGI AND BOO BOO SEARCH DILIGENTLY...

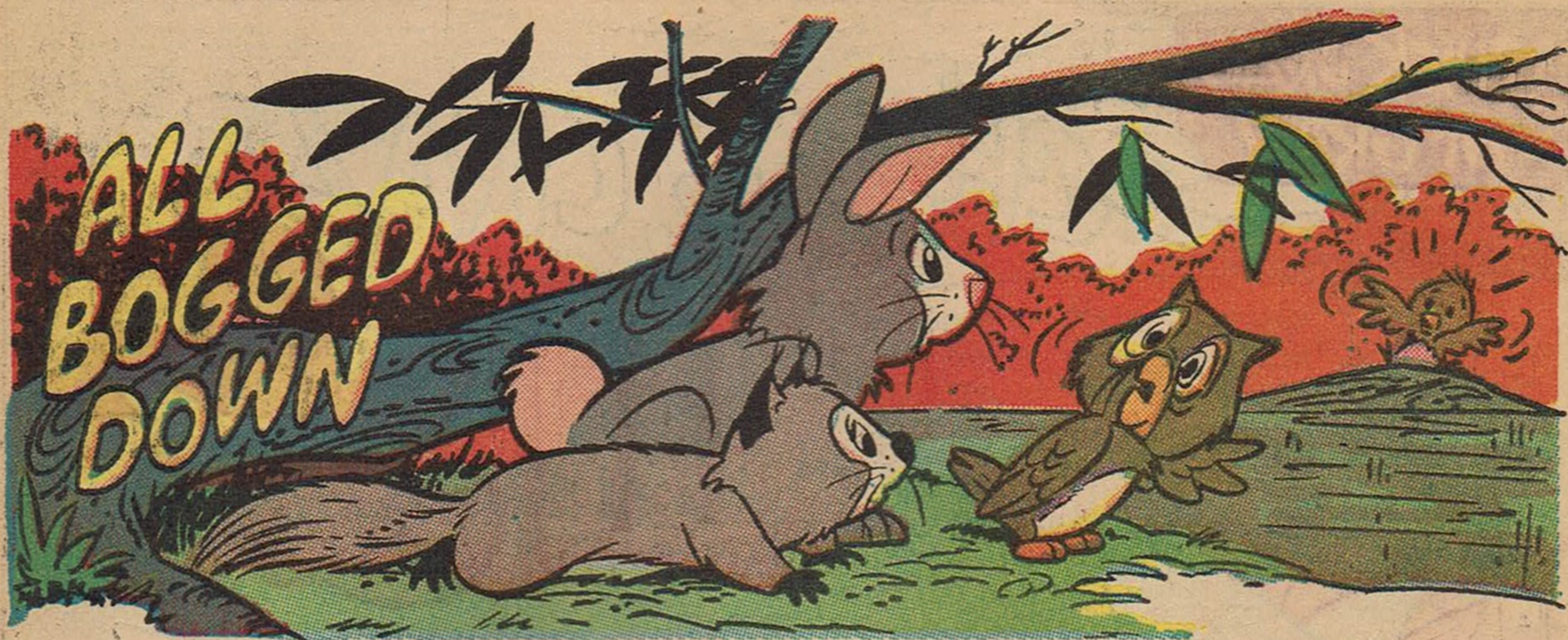












Little Hoot was startled by the hurrying and scurrying of small animals through his part of the forest.

"A little bird has injured himself and fallen to a hummock in the middle of the bog," a rabbit explained to Little Hoot. "We're afraid some prowling wildcat will soon discover him and leap over the bog to reach him."

"Hooty-hoot!" the owl groaned as he followed the rabbit and the others to the marsh. "Somebody'd better rescue him and hide him under a bush until he's better. But who among us will try it?"

By this time, they had arrived on the scene of the accident and peered across the bog that separated them from the little bird.

"Oh, hurry! Somebody please rescue me while there's still time!" the little bird peeped worriedly.

"Golly," Little Hoot mumbled to the rabbit, "I'm afraid there isn't very much that I can do about this problem. I'm too young to fly, so I can't get over there to pick the poor birdie up. I guess the wisest thing for me to do is to stay out of the way."

Little Hoot watched anxiously as one by one the other animals tried to make their way over the mud to the small hummock of solid ground in the middle of the bog.

First a rabbit tried. Hopping gingerly out into the mud a few feet, he quickly discovered that the further he went, the deeper he sank into the mud. There was nothing he could do but turn back. Several others tried, too, but they had no more success than the rabbit.

"There just isn't a thing any of us can do," Little Hoot said mournfully.

Just then, the animals were alerted by the

sound of a prowling body in the woods behind them. A low growl was heard, and Little Hoot and his friends glanced at each other fearfully.

"A wildcat!" one of the rabbits exclaimed. "There's something we can do, after all. We can all scatter and force that wildcat into chasing us until either our birdie friend is rescued or we've led the wildcat away."

In the twinkling of an eye, the animals scattered, calling tauntingly to the wildcat. As the wildcat dashed after the nearest rabbit, Little Hoot suddenly became aware of his own plight.

"I'm too small to run very fast," he groaned. "Mr. Wildcat will surely catch me if he sees me. Oh, what shall I do?"

Little Hoot ran around in several circles and then, not realizing what he was doing, he dashed onto the mud of the bog, looking for a place to hide.

Within seconds, he crossed to the hummock where the injured bird was lying. "What d'ya know!" he exclaimed with wonder. "I'm so light, I didn't even sink into the mud."

He scooped up the little bird in his wings, crossed to the other side of the bog, and hid under a thick bush of thorns.

"Oh, thank you for rescuing me," the tiny bird twittered gratefully. "It was very brave of you to cross over the mud."

"To tell you the truth, I did it by accident," Little Hoot admitted with a snicker, "but I sure learned a lesson from it. I guess the wisest thing for me to do in the future is not to get all bogged down in defeat over a problem until I've at least made an attempt at solving it somehow."

QUICK DRAW
MCGRAW

SCHOOL CRAZE

WAKE UP, QUEEKSTRAW!
SOMEONE HAS ROBBED
THE BANK!

YOU DON'T SAY!
THAT'S A SERIOUS
CRIME! A FELLOW
COULD GO TO JAIL
FOR THAT!

REPRINTED
BY POPULAR
DEMAND

HOW MUCH
DID THE
ROBBER
TAKE,
PARTNER?

THAT'S WHAT'S
SO STRANGE!
HE TOOK THE
WHOLE
BANK!

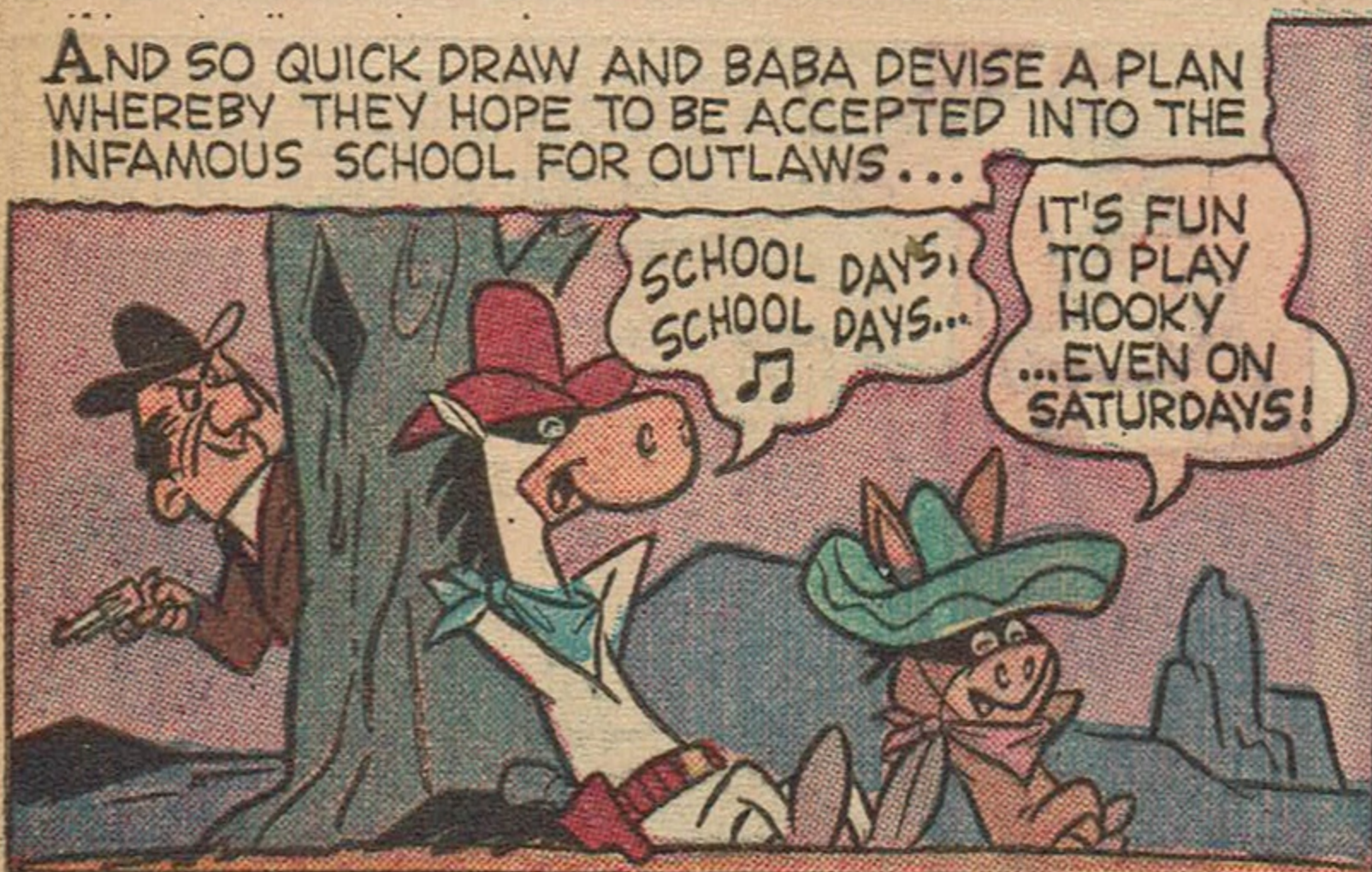
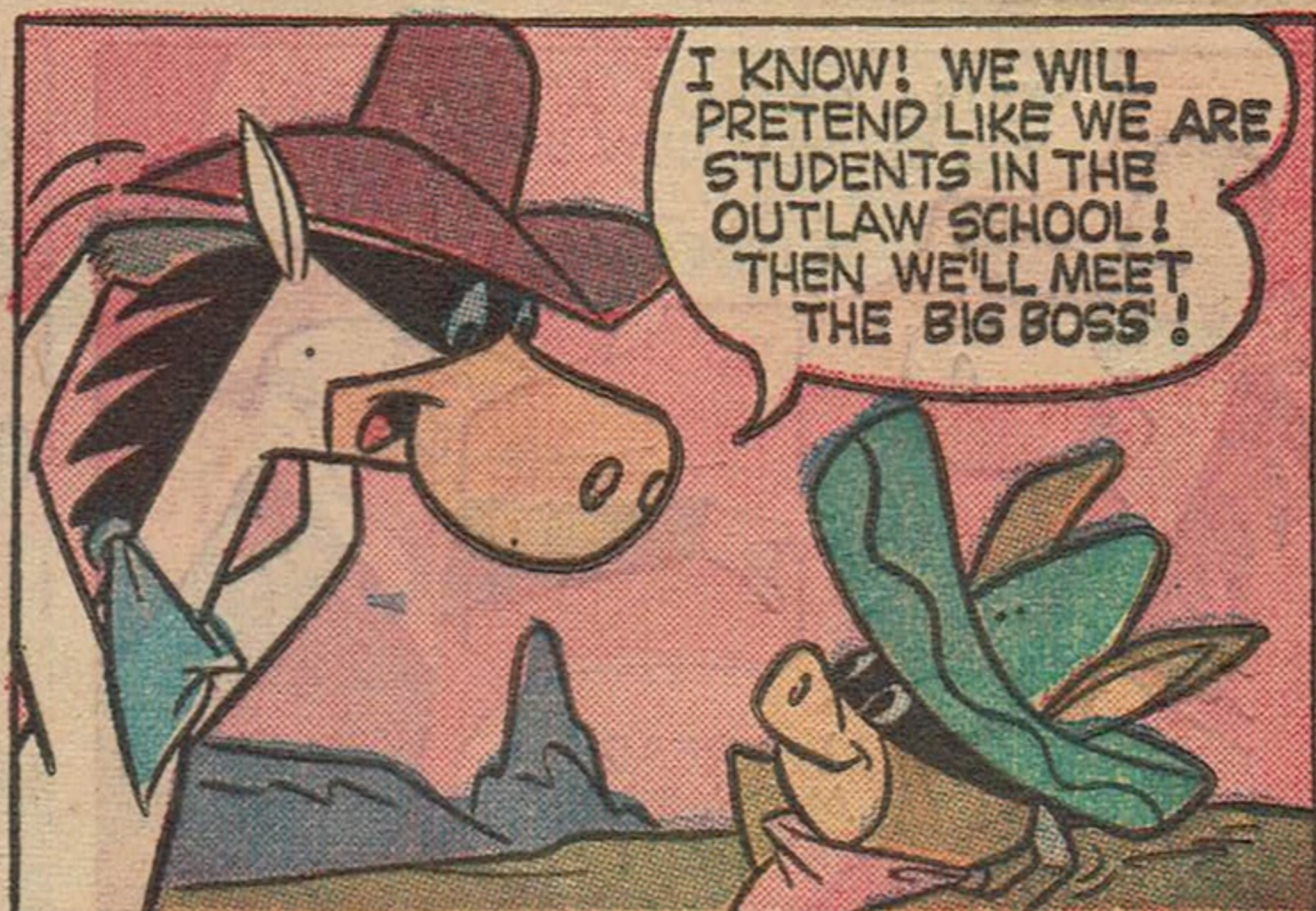
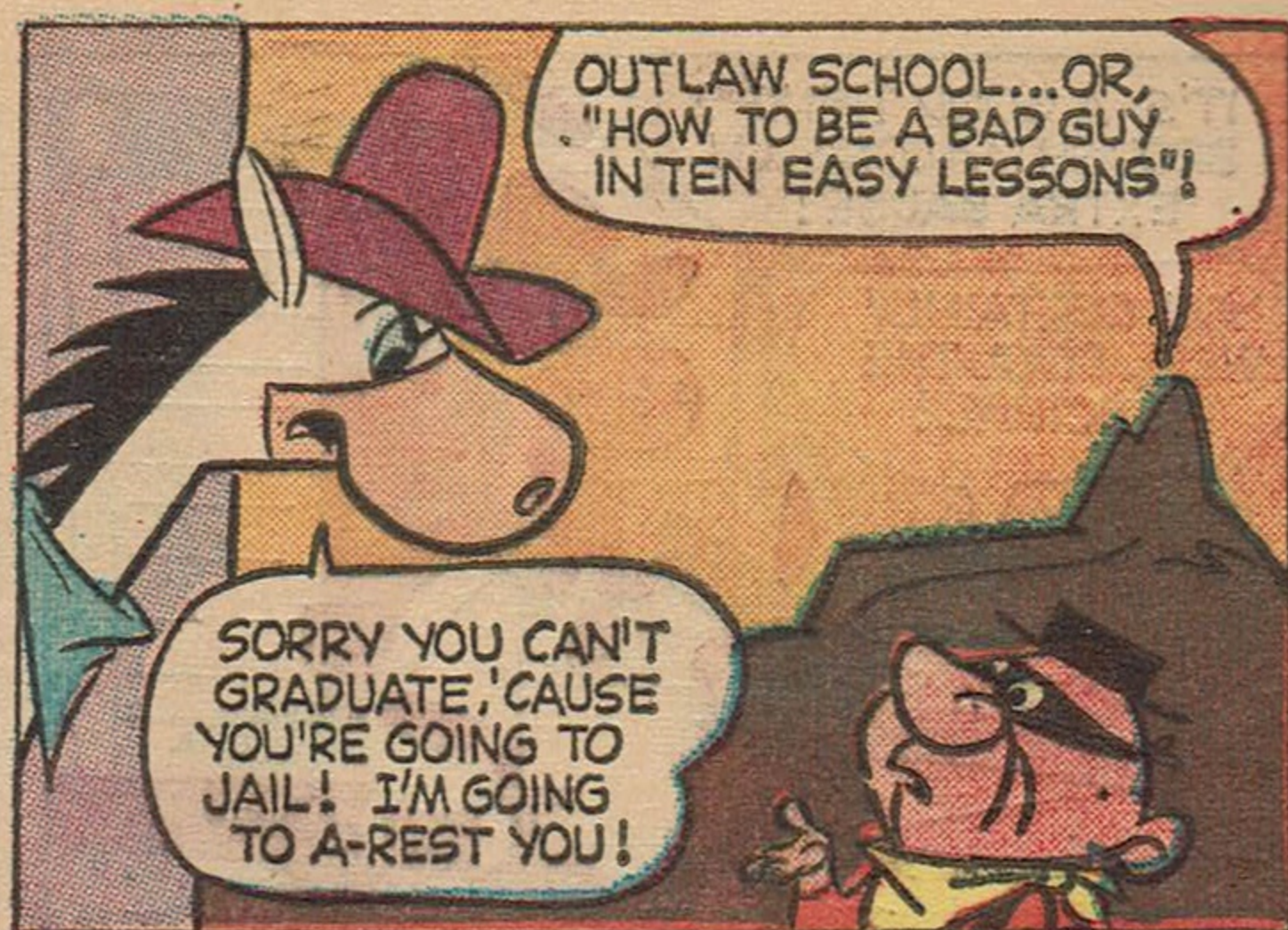
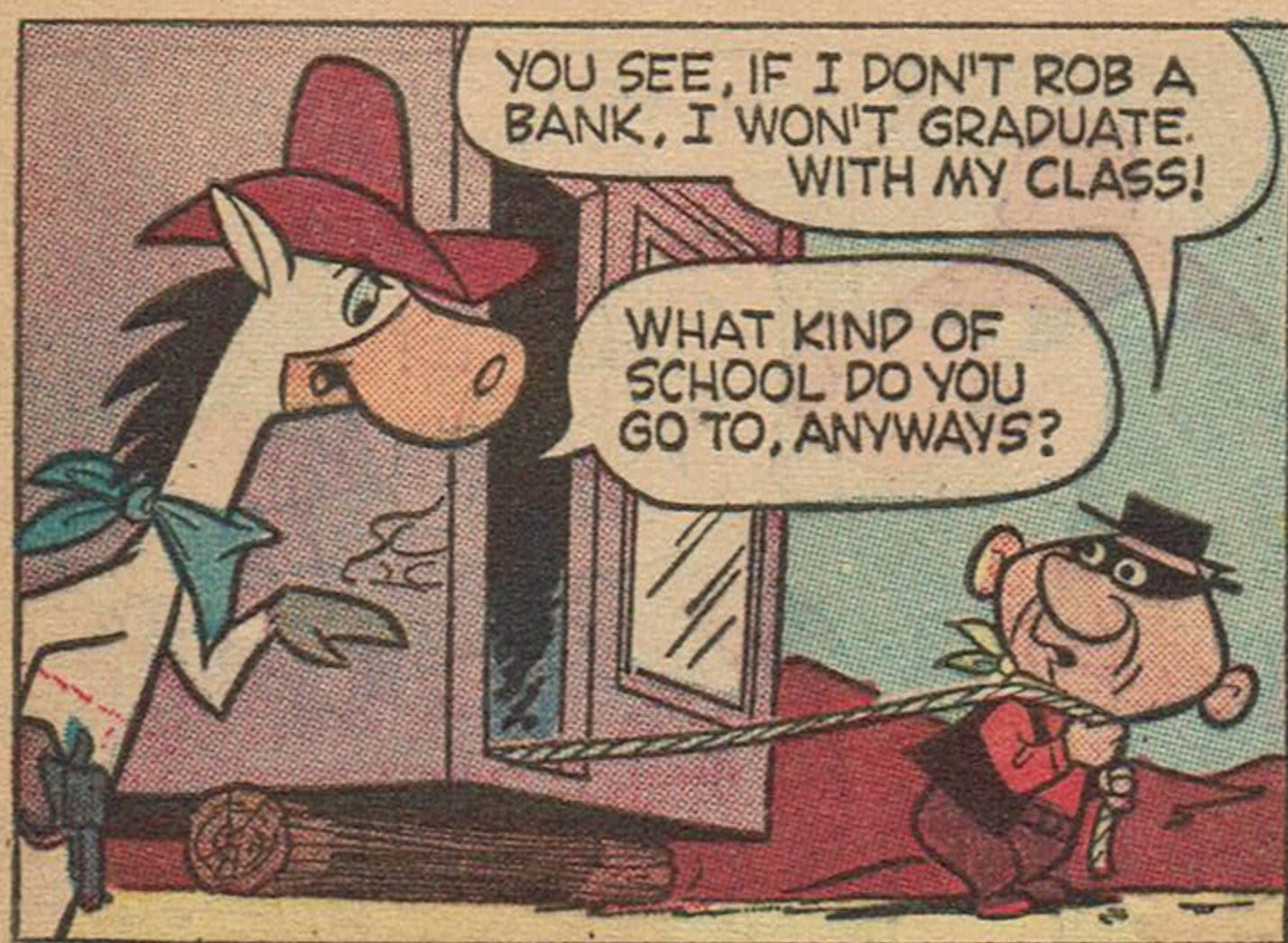
YOU SEE, HE ROBBED
THE BANK AND FORGOT
THE SAFE...WITH THE
MONEY IN IT!

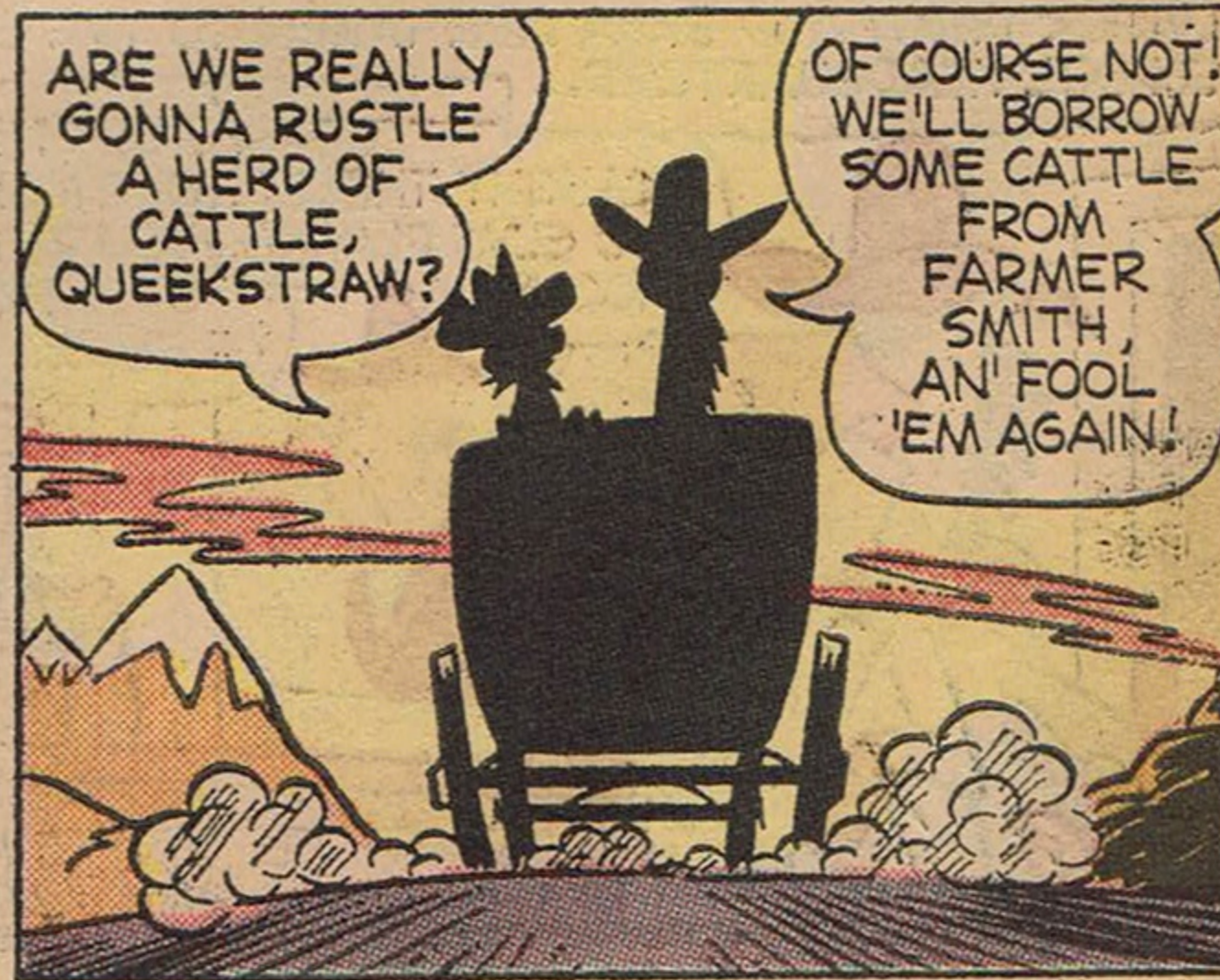
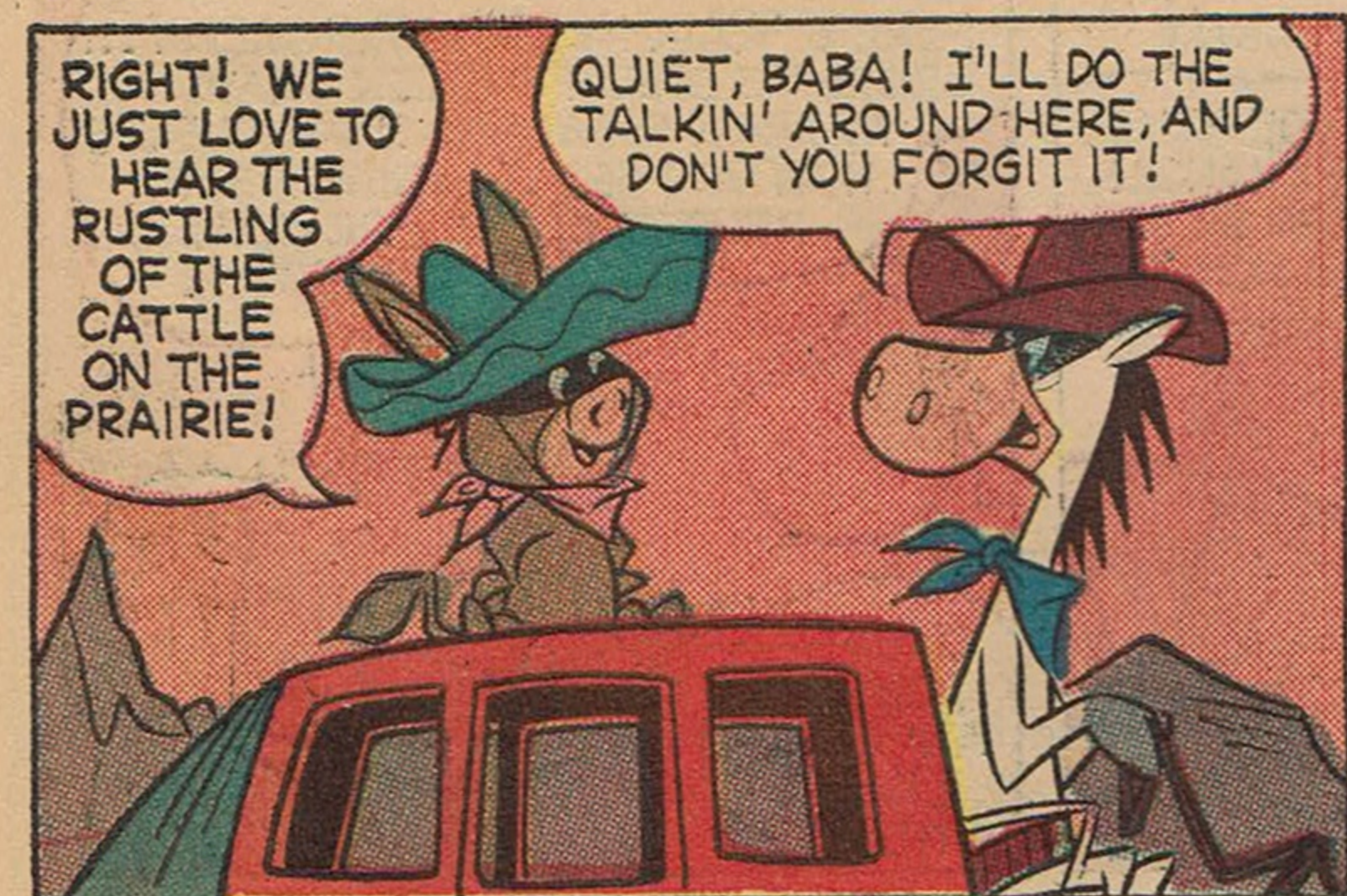
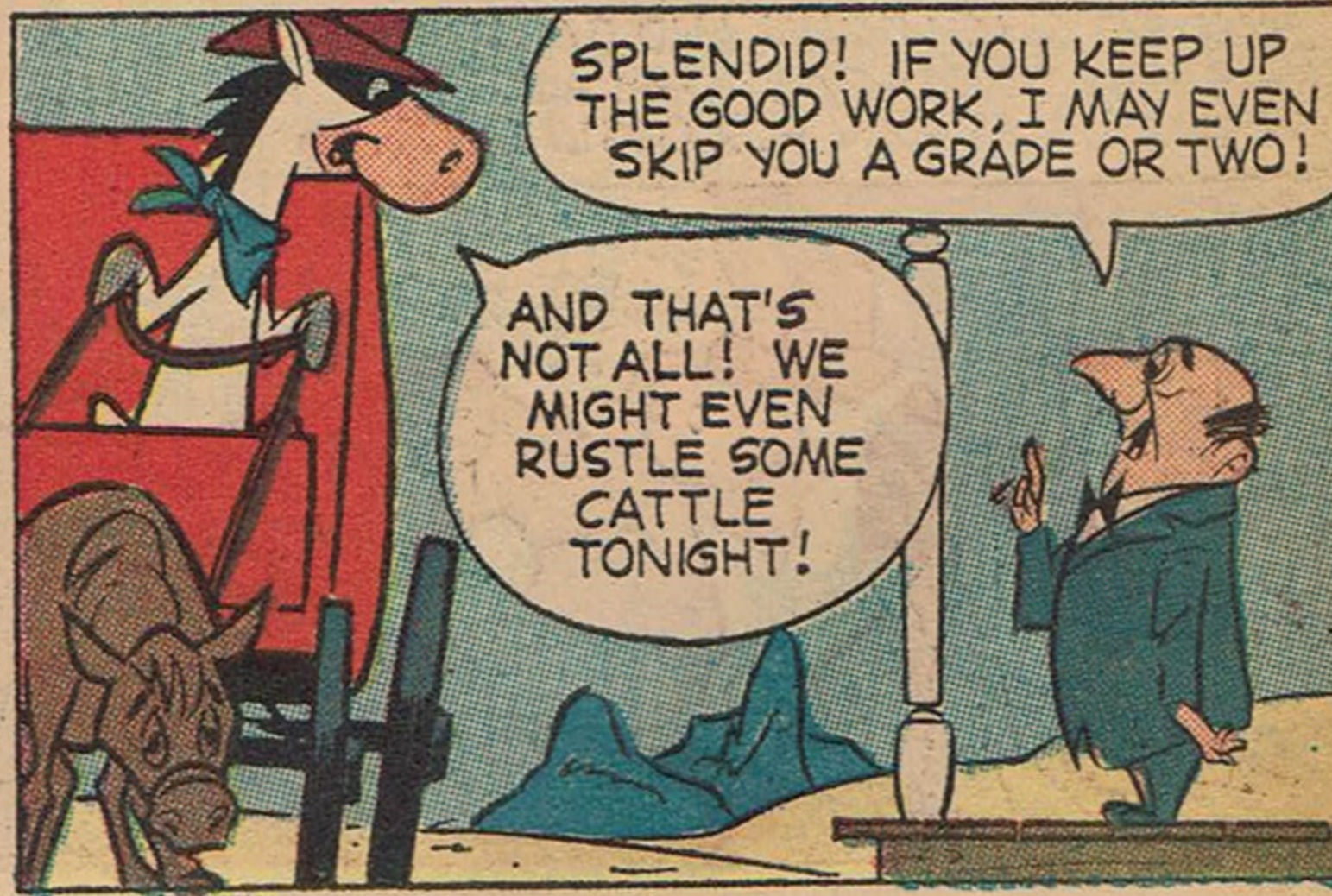
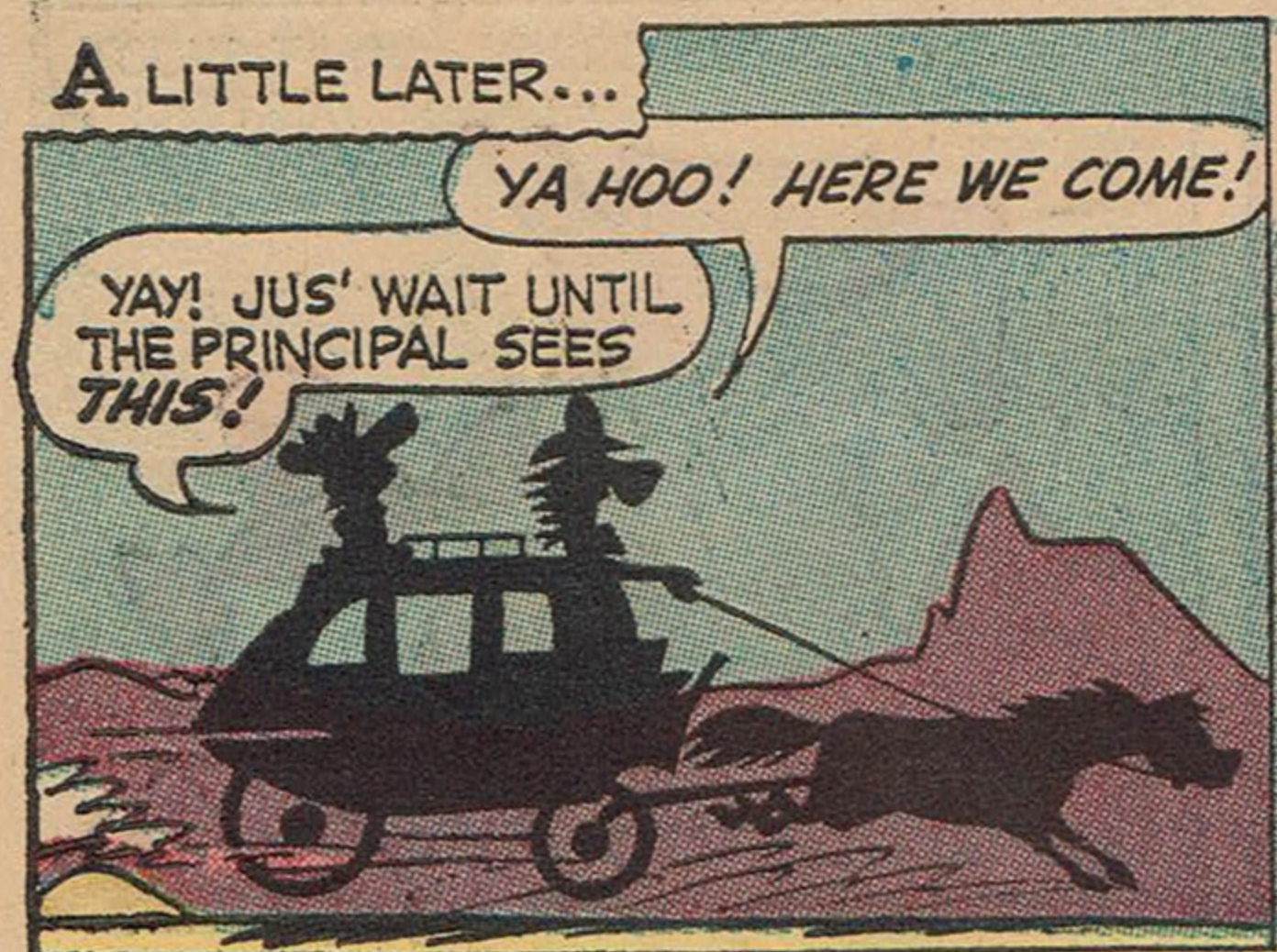
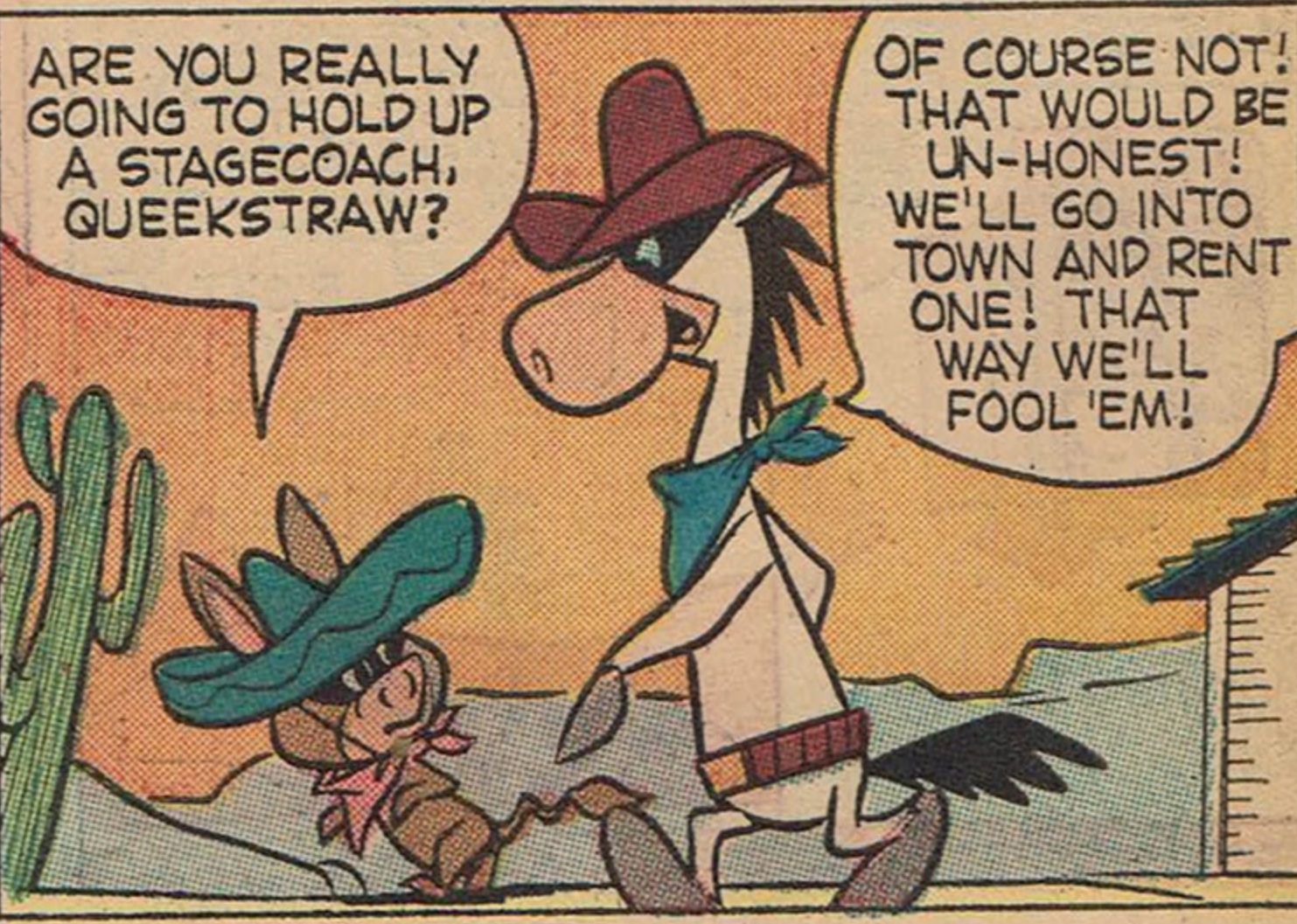
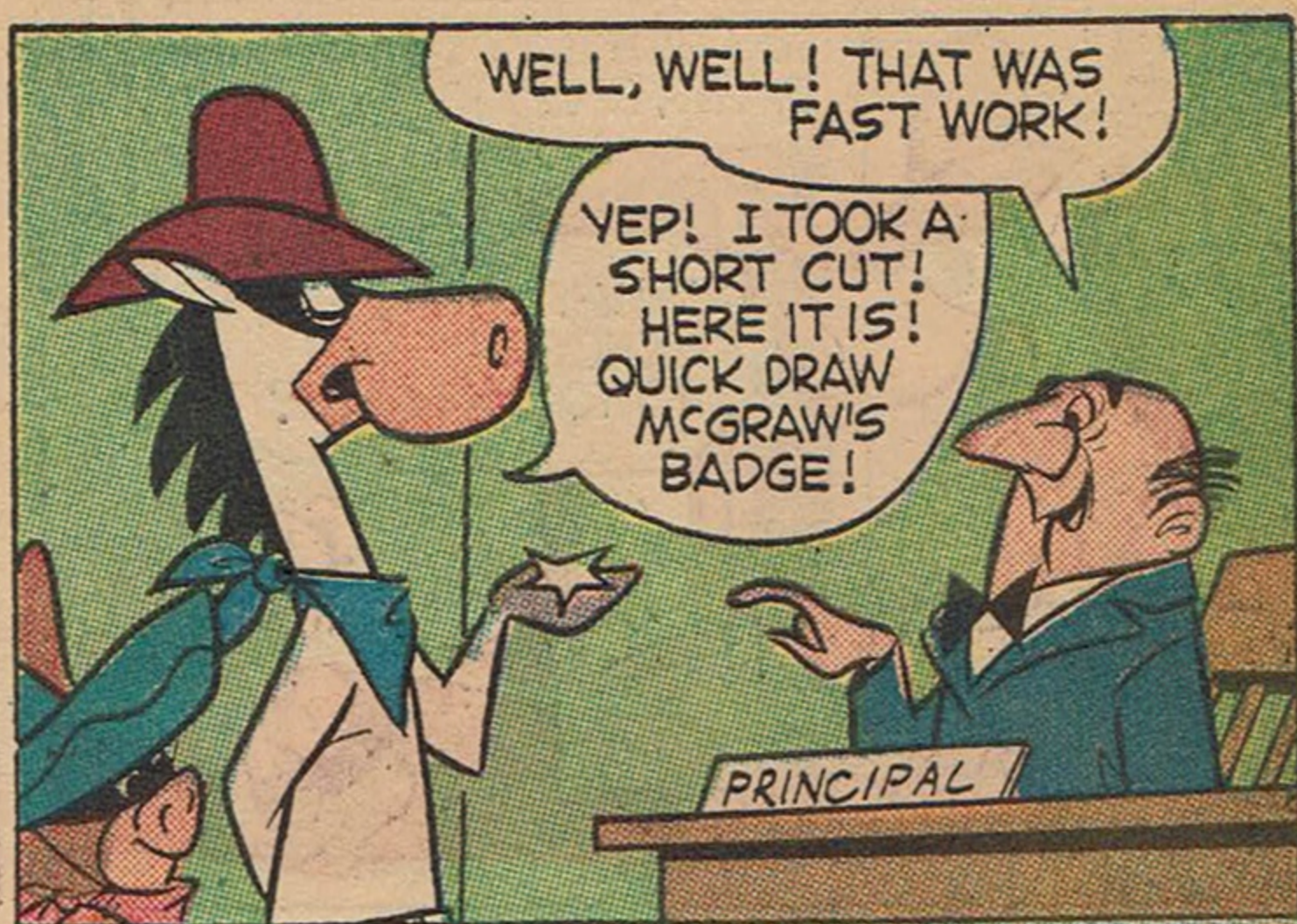
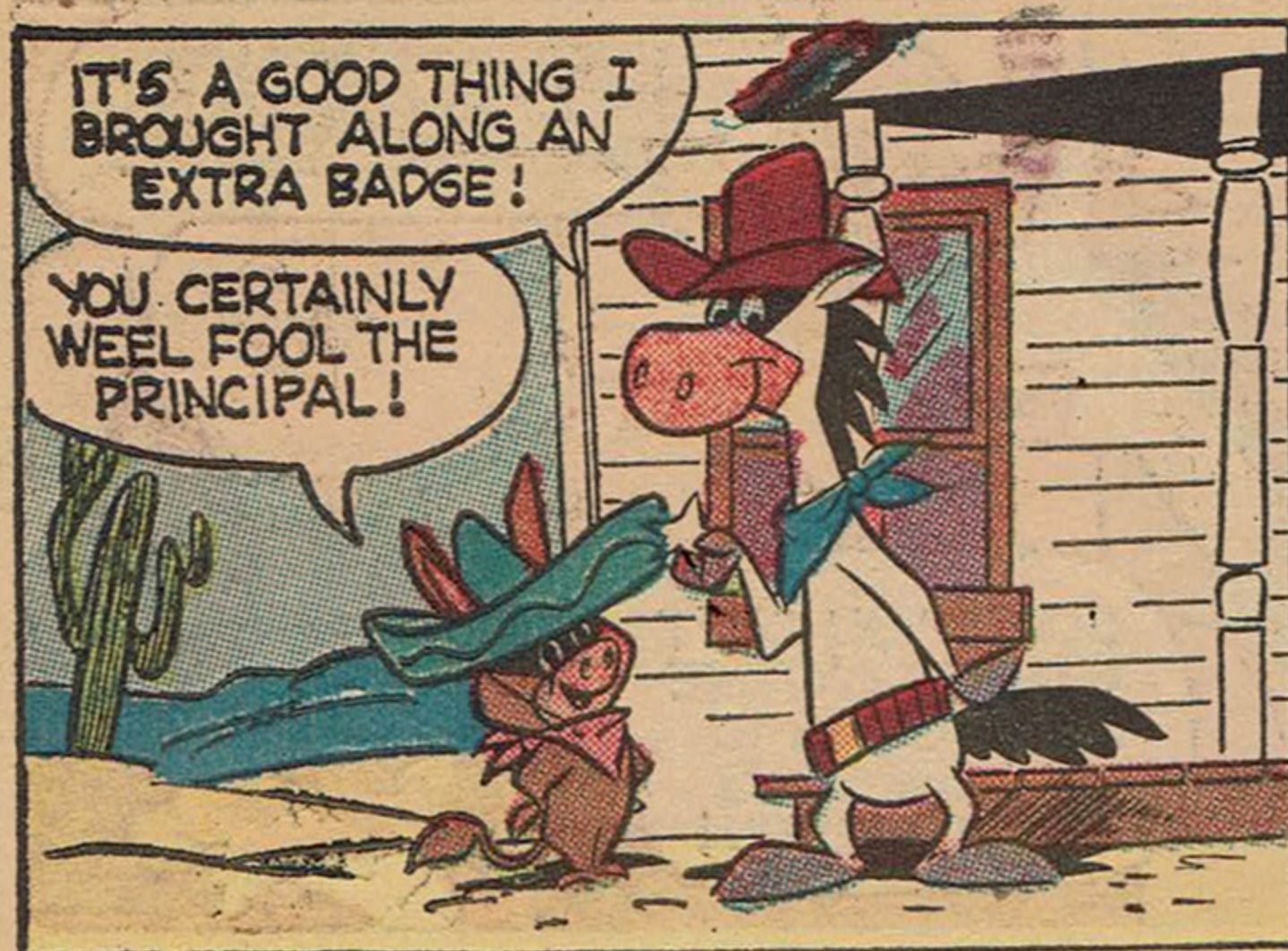
LET'S FIND THE
VARMINT! HE CAN'T
GET VERY FAR
HAULING A
BUILDING AROUND!

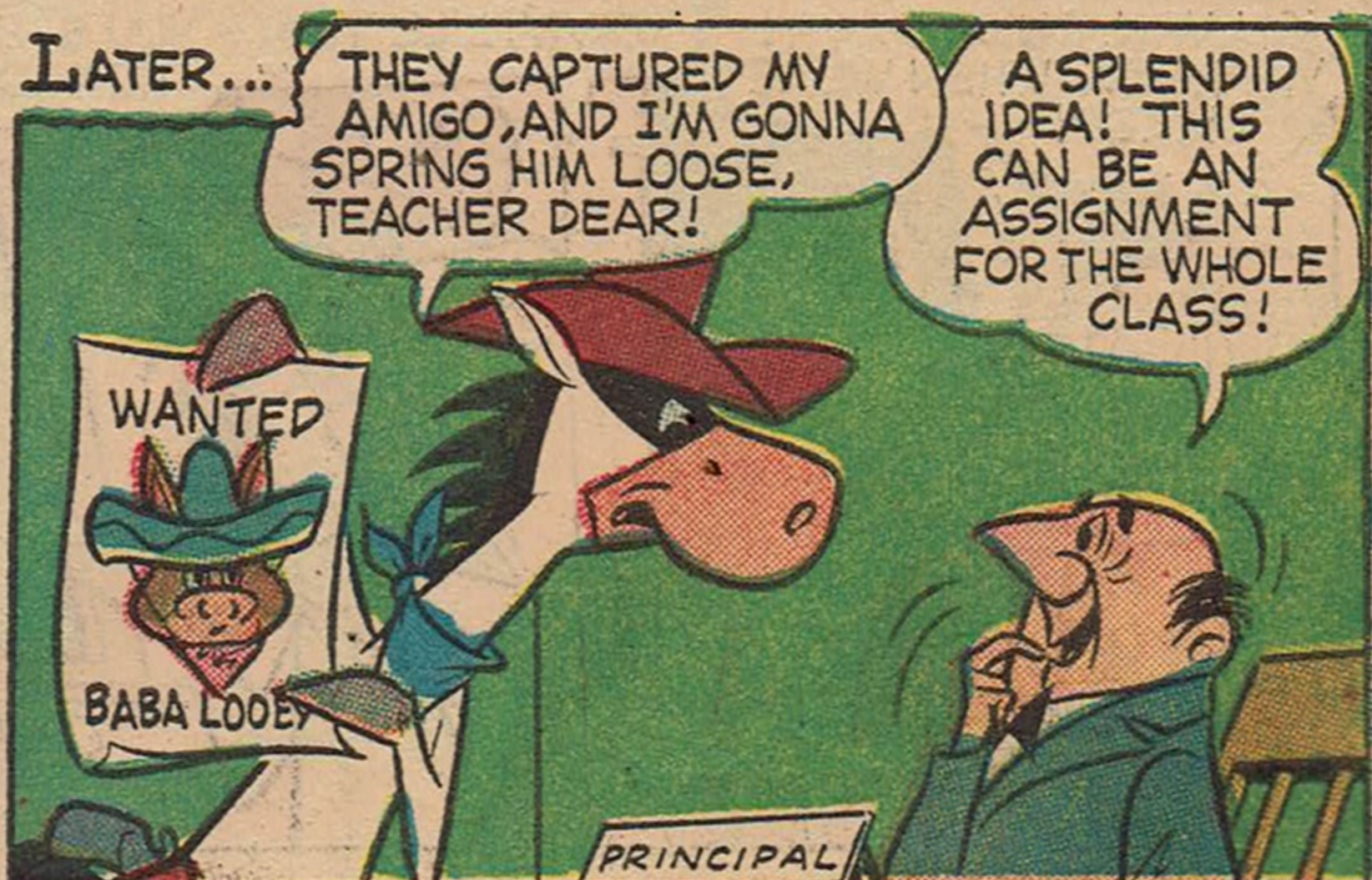
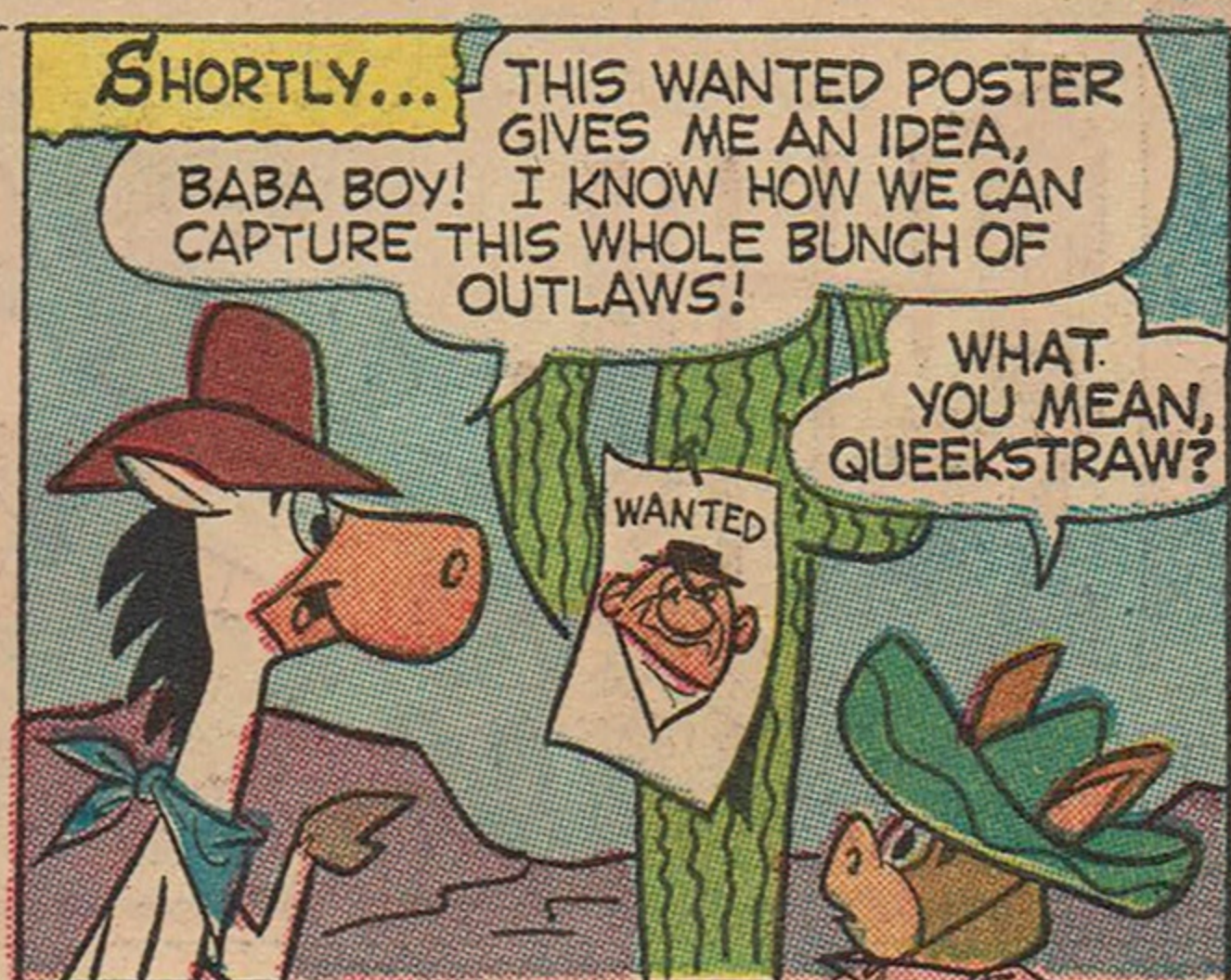
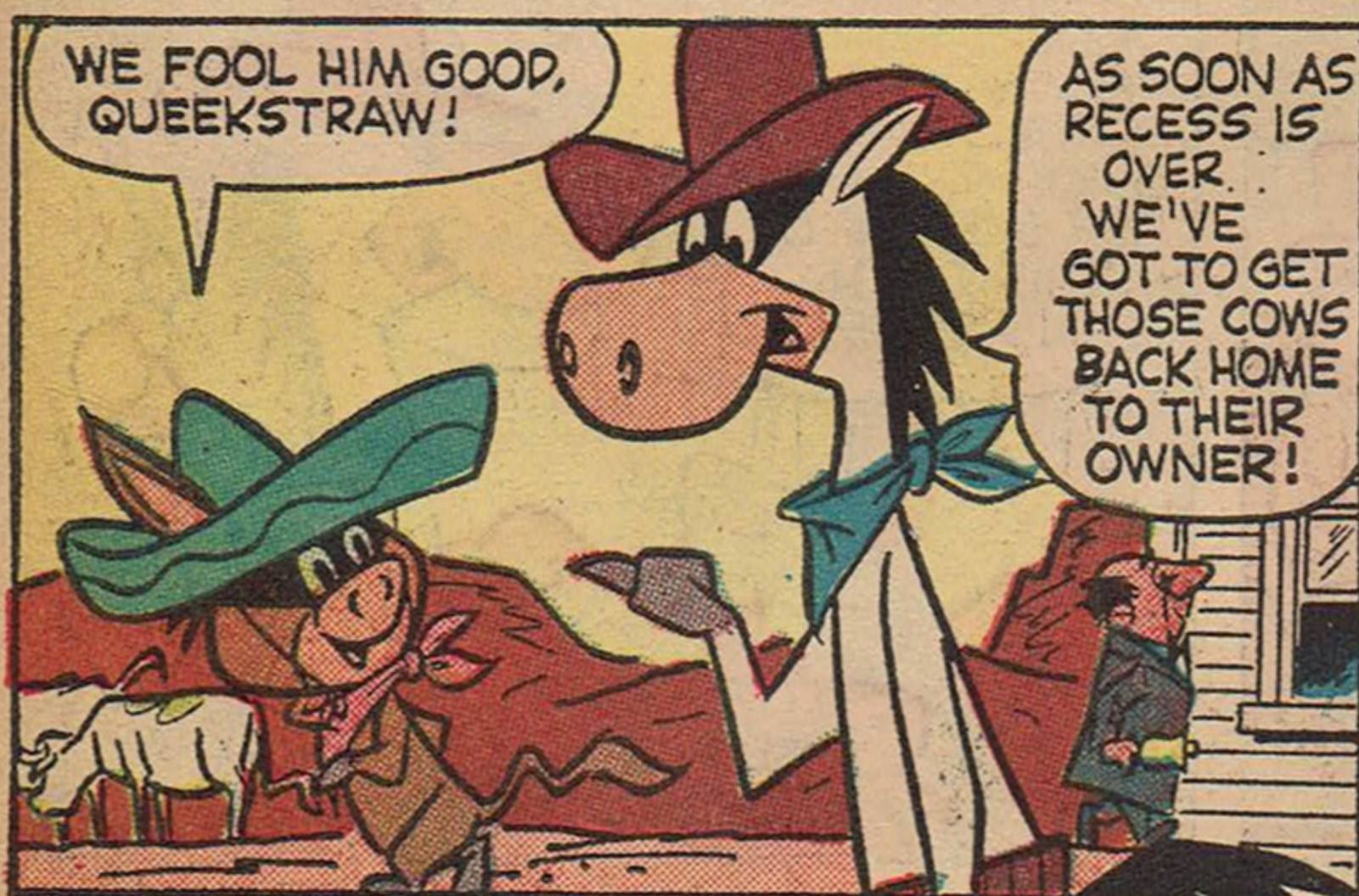
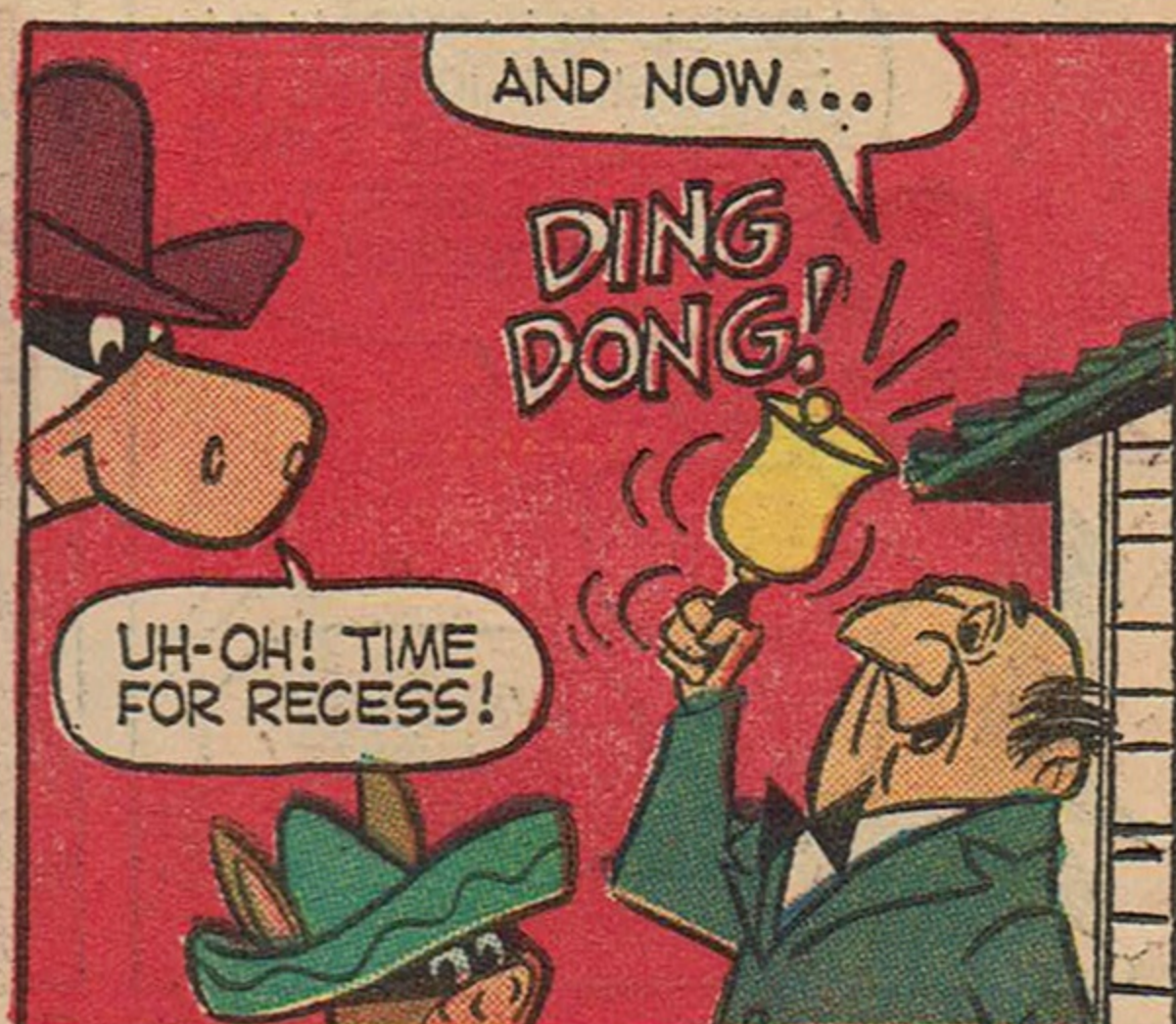
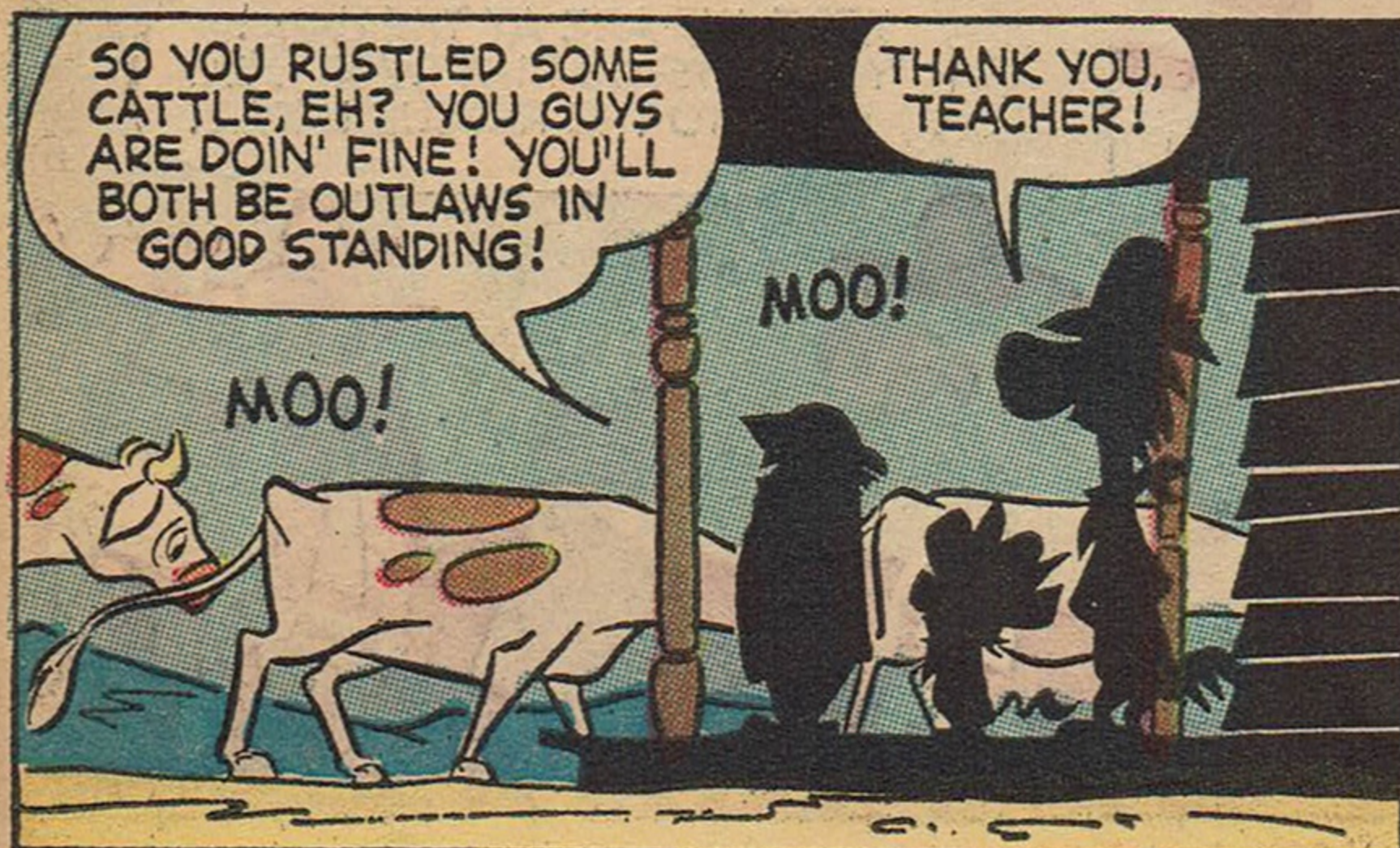
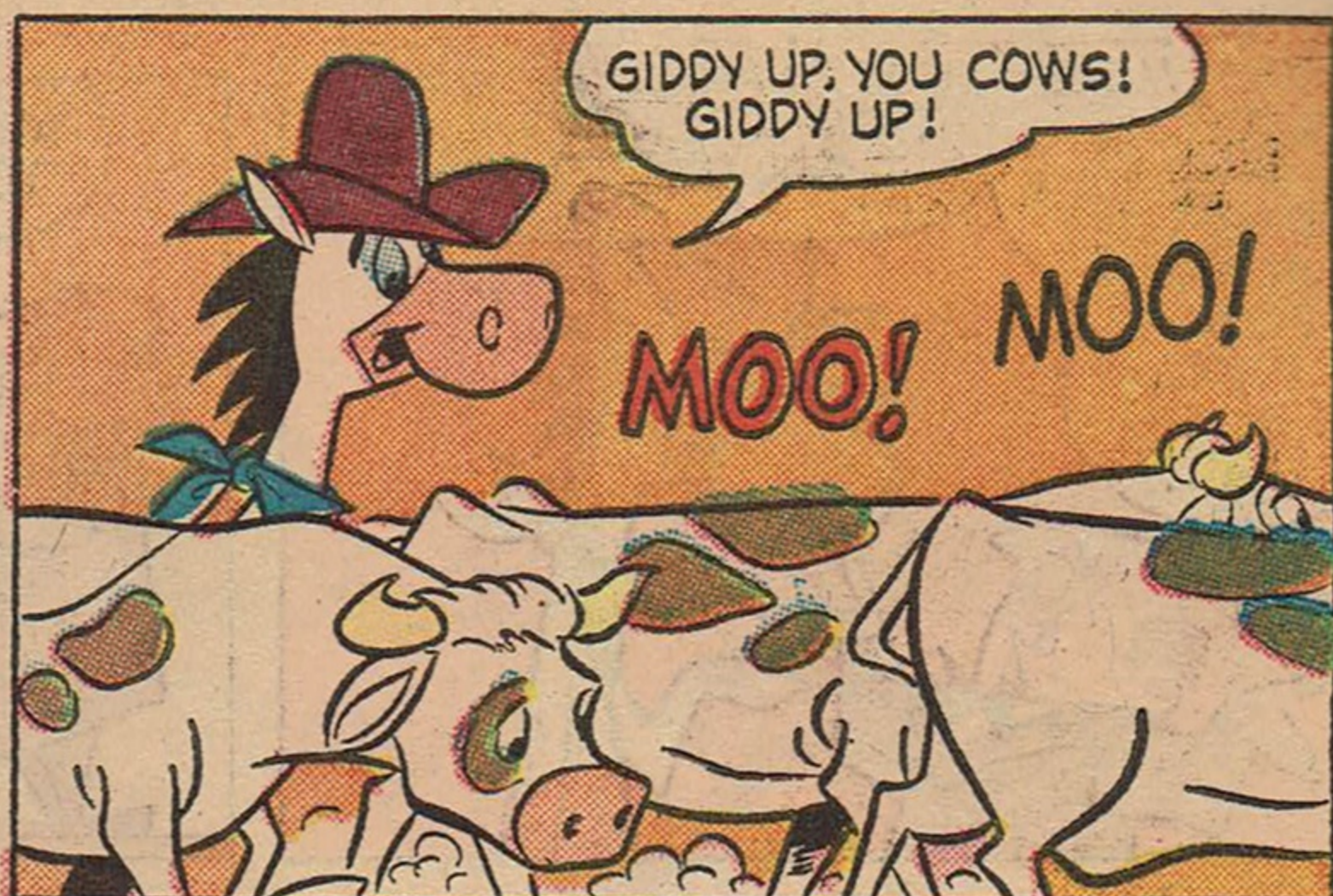
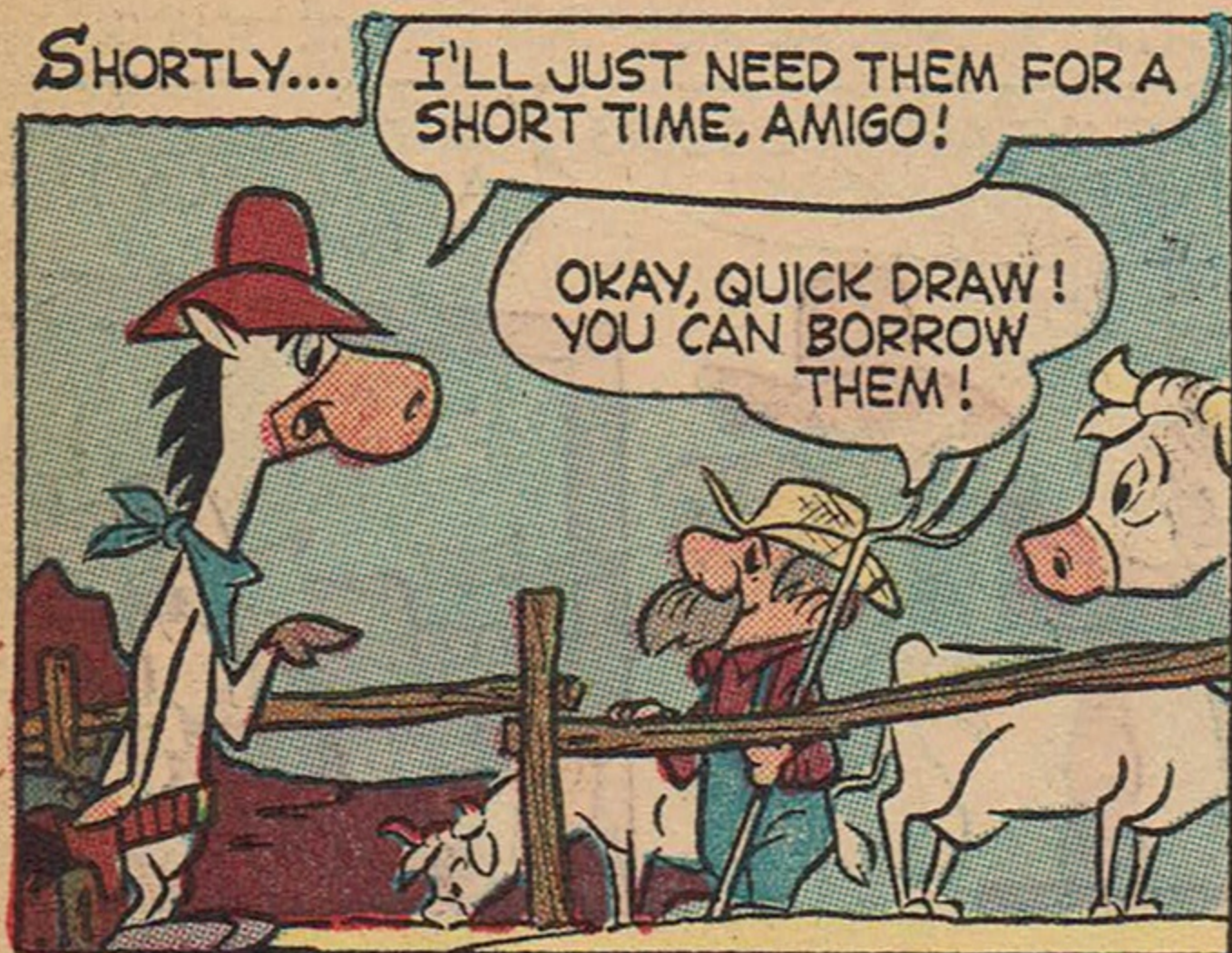
SOON...

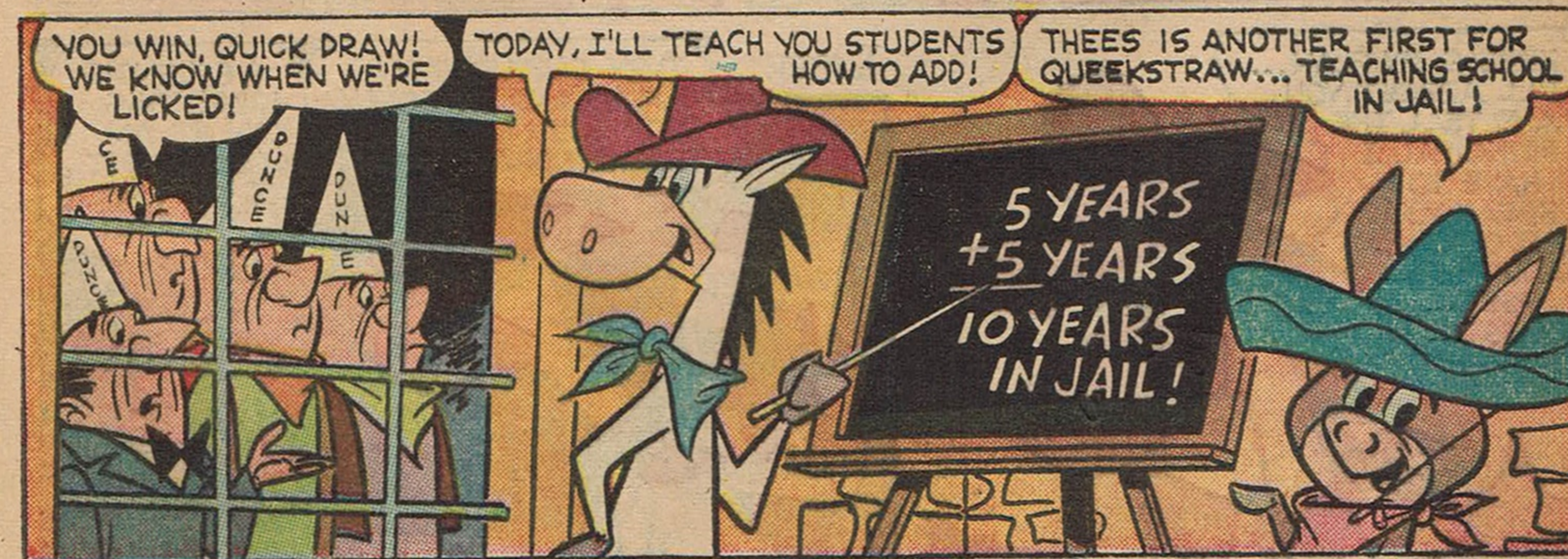
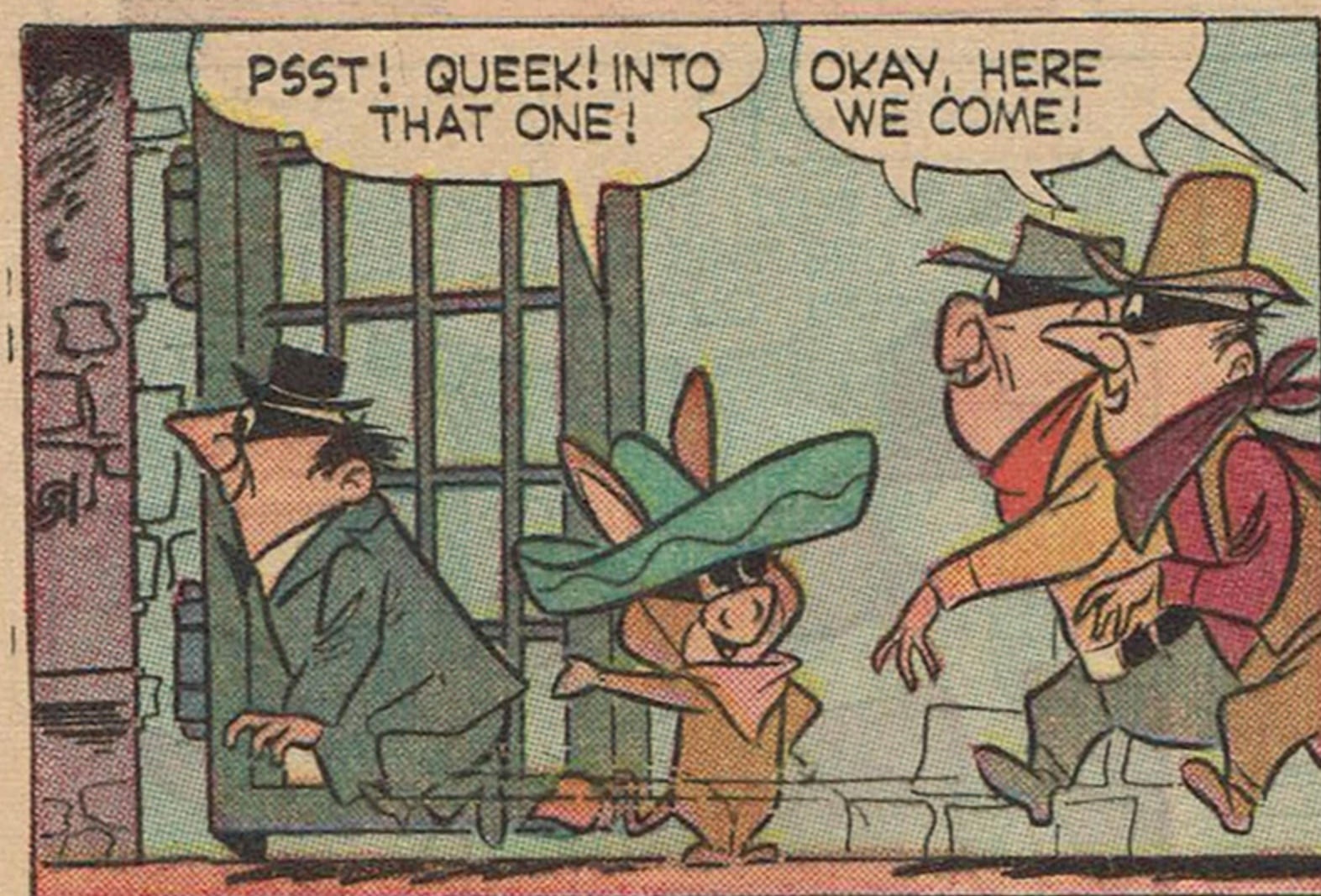
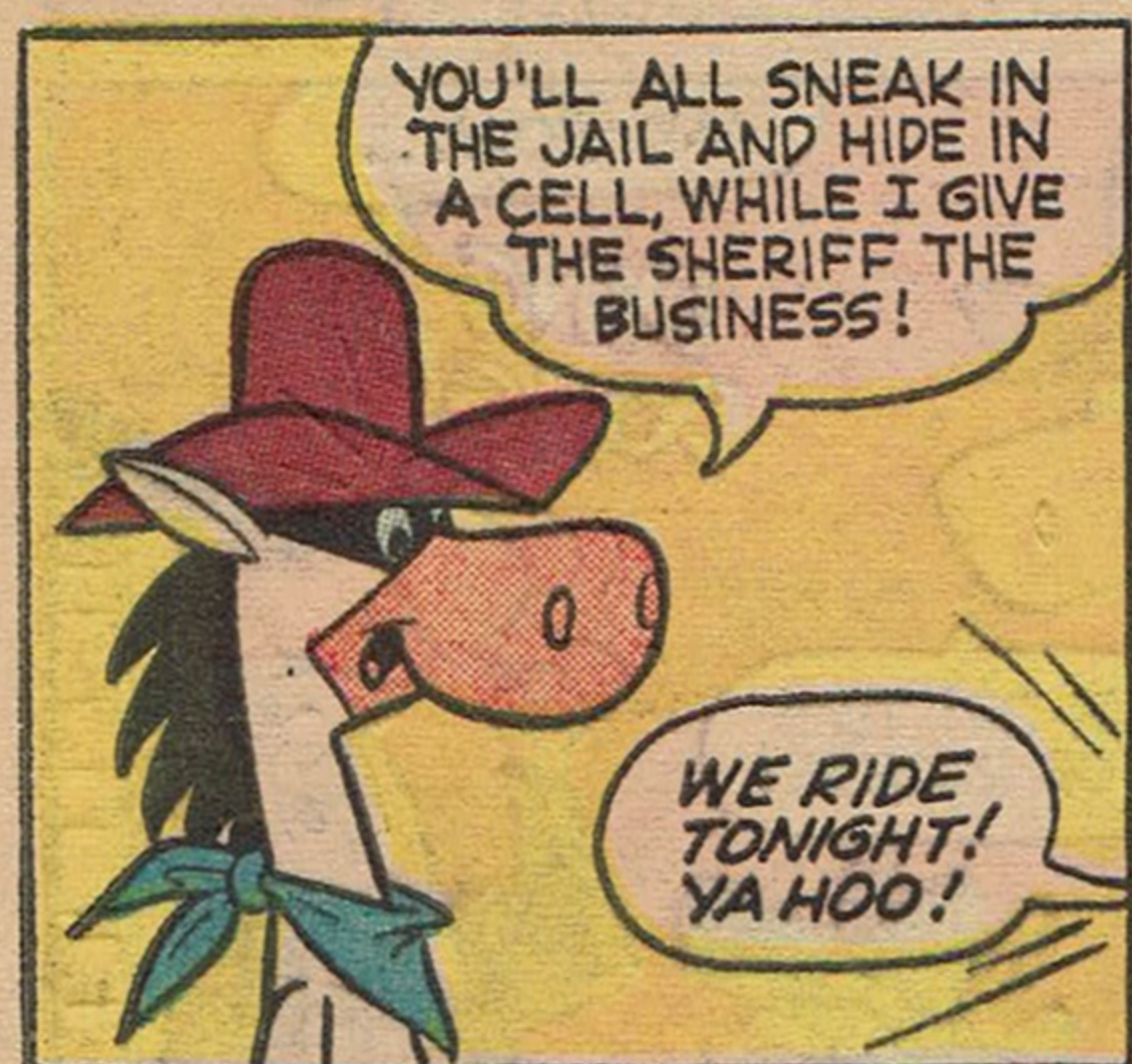
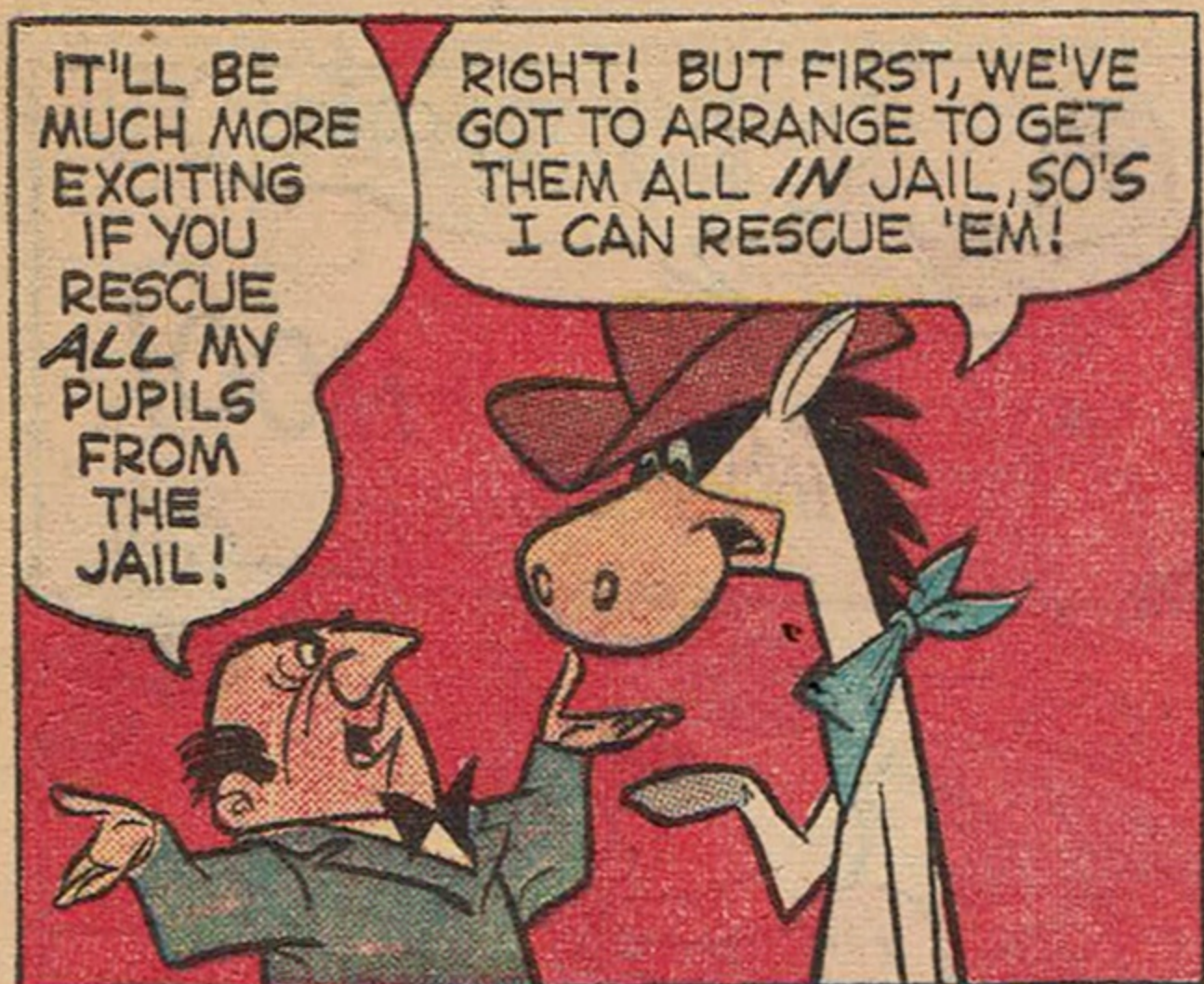
HOLD ON, THAR! WHERE
DO YOU THINK YOU'RE
GOING WITH THAT
BANK?

I HAVEN'T TIME TO
TALK! I'VE GOT TO
GET THIS BANK
OVER TO MY
SCHOOL, OR I'LL
FLUNK MY TEST!



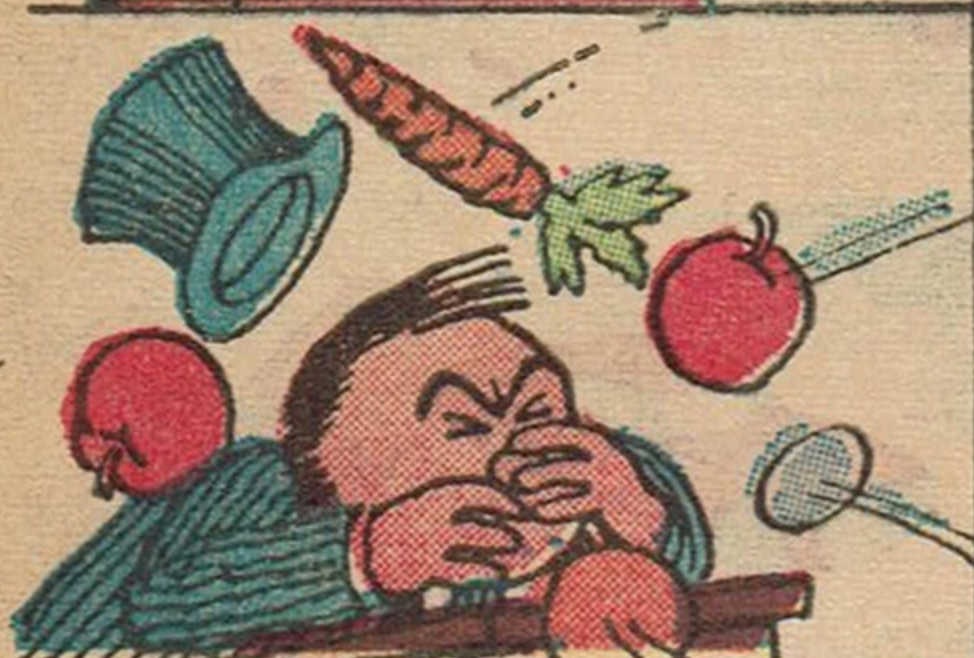
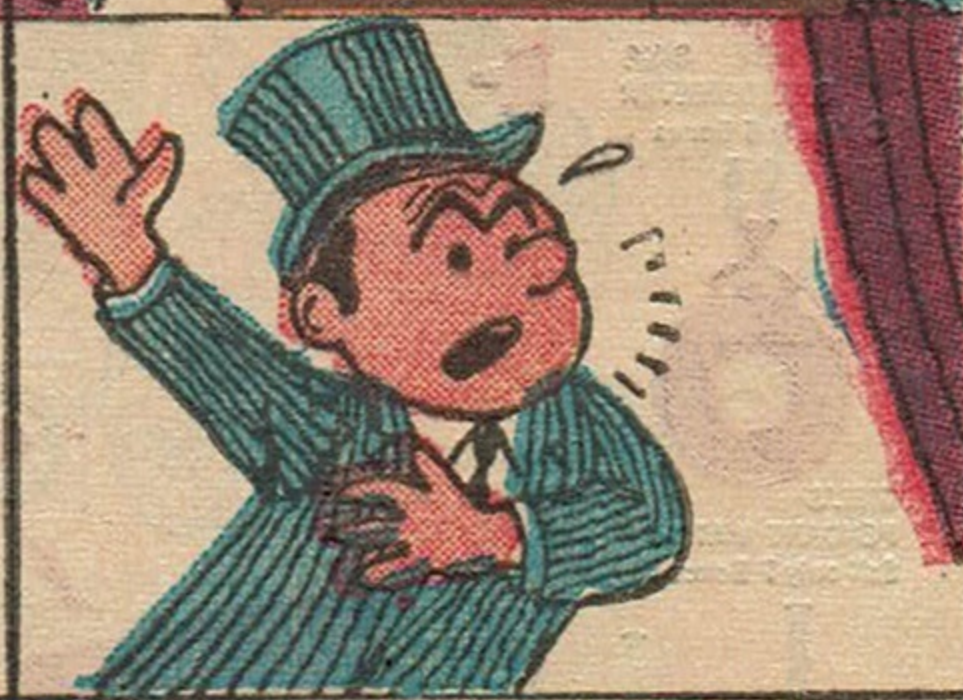
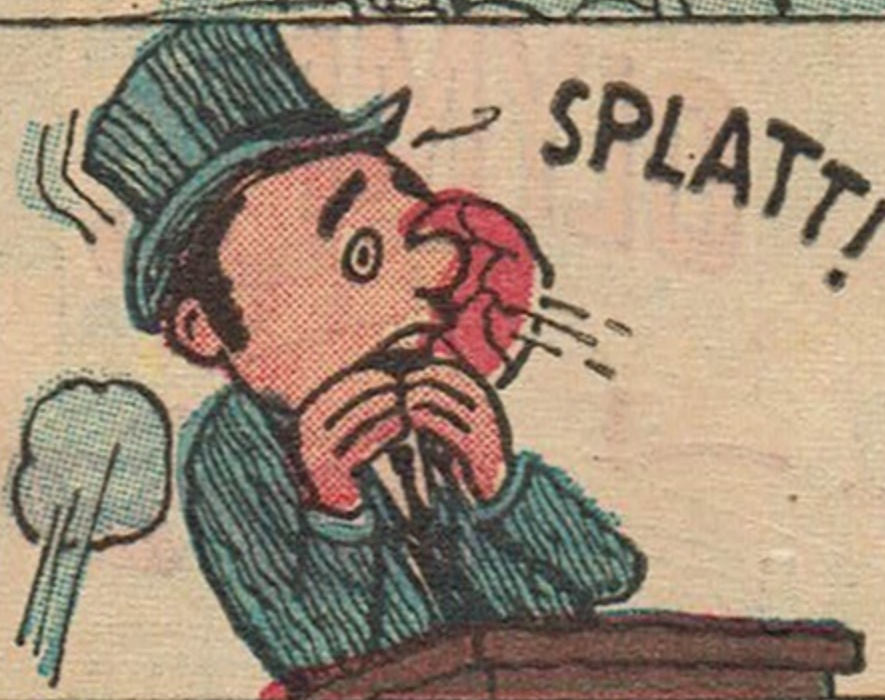








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